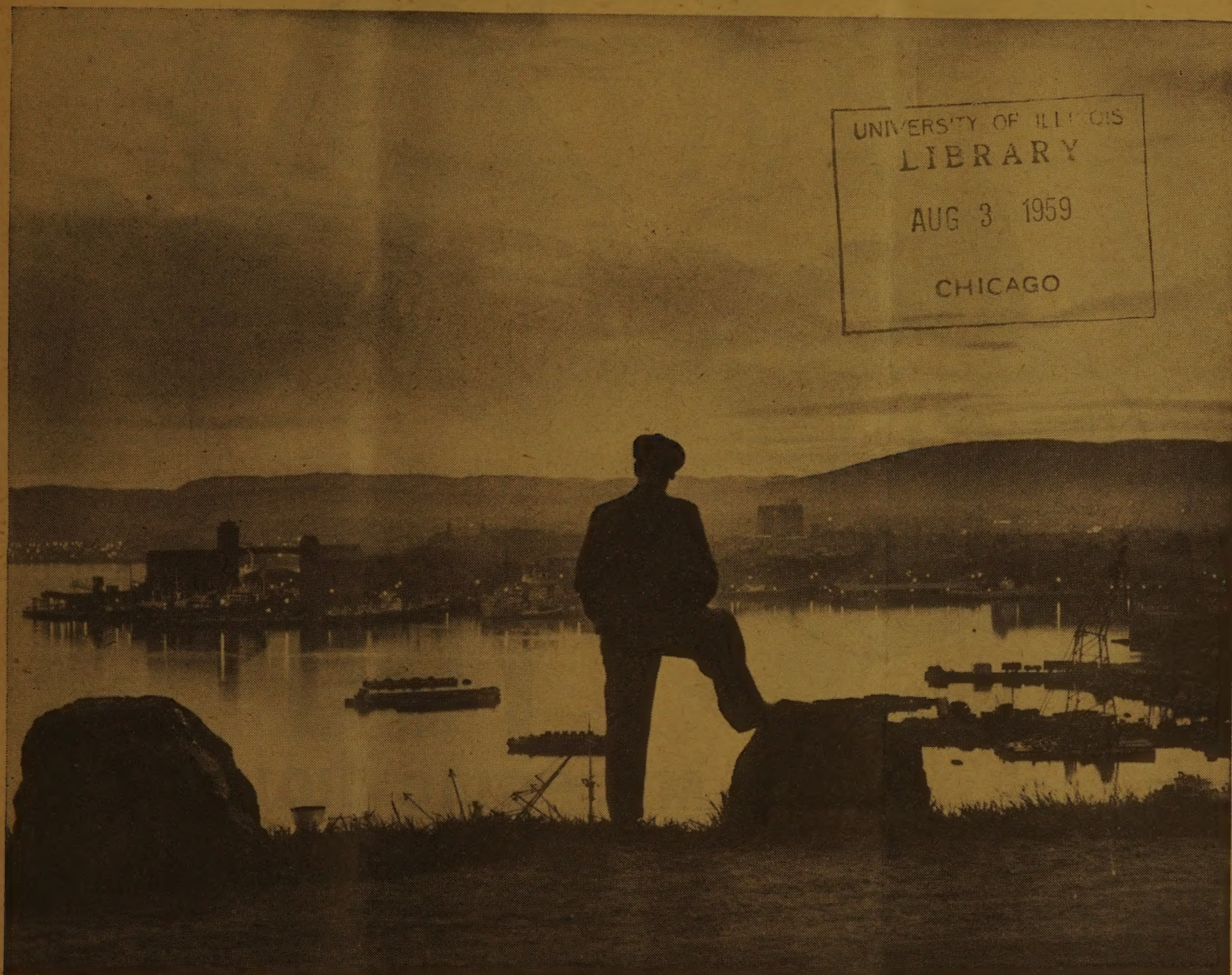


The Listener

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A view, from across the fjord, of Oslo, which was the headquarters of the wartime resistance movement in Norway. Sir Brian Horrocks's television talk on 'Odd Starheim—Norwegian Hero of the War' is on page 93

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By Robert McKenzie

The Americanness of American Literature

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The Romantic Movement in Art

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Trotsky at his Nadir

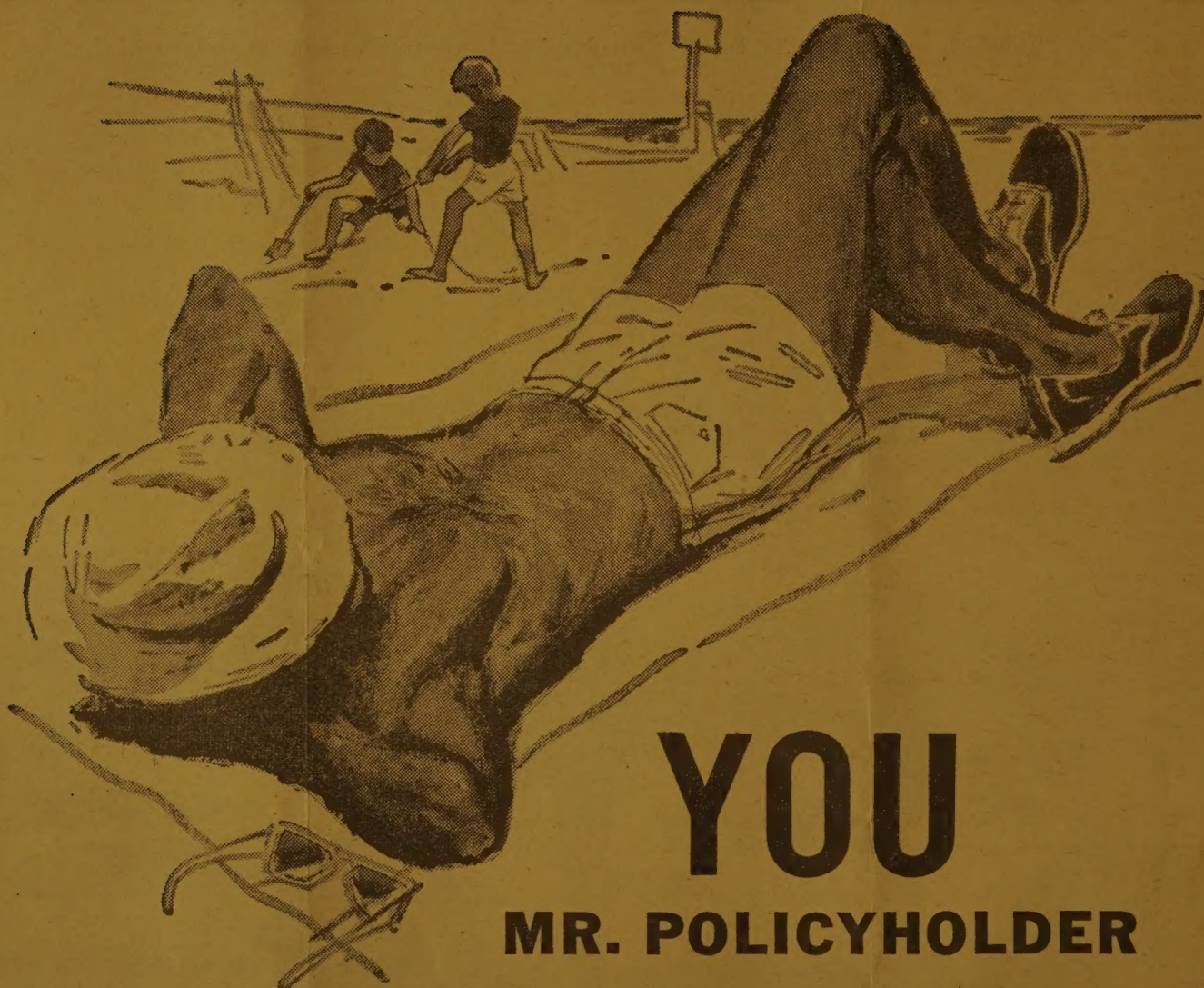
By Isaac Deutscher

The Vanishing Australian Aborigines

By Christopher Ralling

The Bath Tub

A short story by Donald Windham



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Canada's Attitude to Britain

ROBERT McKENZIE puts the Queen's tour in perspective

WHAT lies behind the press reports that there has been some criticism in Canada of the present royal tour? First, I think that these reports should be kept carefully in perspective. For every critical sentence that has been written about the tour I will wager that there have been 10,000 that are uncritical or enthusiastic. Some of the criticisms undoubtedly can be labelled 'stunt journalism'. It is easier in some quarters to sell an article which takes an astringent and critical view of monarchy than yet another which is fulsome and laudatory. But, friends have asked me, is there not perhaps more to it than that? Does not this sort of criticism reflect a certain ambivalence in Canada's attitude towards Britain?

In trying to answer this question I want to set it in its broader framework and to examine the attitude of Canadians both to their own country and to the two great nations (United States and Britain) with which their whole national existence has been so intimately involved. It is essential to keep in mind that the building of a Canadian nation has been an exceedingly difficult and complex task. The nation-builders have faced an enormous array of problems, geographical, racial, economic, and psychological. First and foremost there is the problem of geography, a problem that is not easily understood by the inhabitants of a country like Britain which could be tucked into one corner of one of the ten provinces of Canada. Even today in Canada, an area the size of all Europe is inhabited by a population only twice that of greater London. And for much of Canada's history a population equal to (and not double) that of London has been engaged in exploring, taming, and developing this territory the size of all of Europe. No wonder a Canadian historian once remarked that the very existence of Canada as a nation has been a triumph of imagination over geography.

An additional geographical hazard was faced by the nation-builders as they moved from east to west across the northern half

of North America: all the natural lines of geography and communications (with exception of some of the great rivers) run not east and west but north and south. The Rocky Mountains are the most obvious example; but most of the great geographical regions of the country have far more in common with their counterparts south of the boundary between Canada and the United States than they have with the other regions of Canada. Thus for example the Canadian Prairie provinces form a natural geographical unit with the great plains area of the great American farm states of the Middle West. Physical communications have almost always been easier in a north-south direction. So the handful of men engaged in taming half a continent have had to buck some of the toughest geographical hazards in the world in order to provide the minimum means of transportation and communication which were essential if any sense of national community was to develop.

Geography also decreed that Canada should almost inevitably be the junior partner of the most powerful nation in the modern world, Canada's huge neighbour with whom she shares a 4,000-mile frontier, the United States. Someone once said that Canada and the United States are like Siamese twins with a single circulation of blood. The 'circulation of blood' refers to the amazing flow of people and goods and newspapers and magazines and radio and television programmes that flow north and south between the two countries. It has been estimated that there are 30,000,000 border crossings a year between Canada and the United States. More trade flows between Canada and the United States than between any other two countries in the world. And with the development of the so-called mass media (newspapers, radio, and television) Canada has repeatedly seemed on the verge of being swamped by the huge outpouring of the American printing presses and broadcasting organizations. It is no wonder that the advocates of separate Canadian nationality have sometimes seemed shrill

in their insistence that there is such a thing as a Canadian point of view. The din is such that you have to shout to make yourself heard.

On recent visits to Canada I have been startled and even slightly alarmed by the extent of what is ordinarily called anti-Americanism. (Certainly there is far more of this than anything that could be called anti-British sentiment in Canada.) But I am not sure that anti-Americanism is the best phrase to describe this attitude; again, 'over-shrill Canadianism' might be a better term. For although it is true in one sense that Canada and the United States are 'Siamese twins with a single circulation of blood', even a Siamese twin may want to have a soul of its own. Sometimes this anxiety takes rather petty forms; I talked last summer to some Canadians who had, as a matter of principle, cancelled their subscriptions to all American newspapers and magazines. But in other respects this struggle for a separate identity has taken a more enlightened form: for example, Canada has recently begun to spend huge sums on the encouragement of the arts in Canada and tremendous pride is taken in the fact that Canada has now established at Stratford, Ontario, what is undoubtedly the finest Shakespearian Theatre on the North American continent. Normally any Canadian actor of ability and ambition heads immediately for New York or London. It is only therefore by deliberate, or if you like artificial, effort that an indigenous and native Canadian theatre can be built and maintained.

Pressure from Washington

There are, of course, political questions on which Canadians have taken up positions which could be called genuinely anti-American. An example is the recognition of Communist China. I have no doubt that many leading politicians of all parties in Canada would privately have preferred to follow the example of Britain in recognizing the Communist Chinese regime. They accept the British point of view that recognition does not imply moral approval of a regime, and that on balance more is to be gained than lost in recognizing the brute fact that the Communist regime is in full command of the mainland of China. But the present United States administration is just as sincerely convinced that recognition would be a disastrous move which would undermine the confidence of all the non-Communist neighbours of China. So whenever Canadian statesmen have moved quietly in an exploratory way towards recognition, the State Department at Washington has brought enormous pressure to bear upon them to desist. Both the previous Liberal administration at Ottawa and the present Conservative Government have given way before this pressure. Most Canadians who follow international politics are aware that this has happened, and they find it exasperating and galling that Canada should in effect be forced to acknowledge her subservience to American policy. 'We were once a British colony', said one Canadian to me, 'and we are now well on our way to becoming an American satellite'.

There are other matters in dispute between the two countries mainly with regard to trade and the American economic penetration of Canadian industrial life. But these points of friction must not be allowed to obscure the basic proposition that Canada and the United States are linked in indissoluble partnership which no one in his right mind in either country seeks to break or in any serious sense to weaken. The only genuine resistance to American influence is in those areas where Canadians feel they must struggle hard to maintain their separate cultural identity.

The people who have been engaged in this struggle for national identity are not naturally and inevitably a homogeneous community. Just under half are of British stock which includes both the newly arrived immigrant from this country and people like myself whose families emigrated from Britain three or four generations ago. The second largest ethnic group are the French-speaking Canadians who are concentrated mainly in Quebec, although there are important pockets in the maritime provinces and in Ontario. They number roughly rather more than 4,000,000, or something over a quarter of the Canadian population. There has been no large-scale immigration from old France in modern history and so almost all the French-speaking Canadians are the descendants of the original group of 60,000 conquered exactly 200 years ago this year by Wolfe and the British forces who stormed Quebec. Their provincial motto is, significantly, '*Je me souviens*'—'I

remember'—a highly significant phrase. The correspondent of *The Observer*, reporting on the Queen's visit to French-speaking Canada, remarked of the French Canadians: 'They are part of a culture which is one of the toughest in the world and which seems, at times, to have opted out of the modern world. Their supreme achievement is to have survived. Their supreme ambition is to be themselves. They have succeeded in both and it is hard to think of any people who could have done the same'.

An Introverted Community

The French-speaking Canadians have been in some respects an intensely introverted community, preoccupied with their own highly devout version of Catholicism and stubbornly defending their right to maintain their own language and cultural institutions. They have had little sympathy with modern France; the France their ancestors knew was the pre-revolutionary France of the years before 1759. Nor is there any reason why they should have had any very spontaneous sympathy with the British who conquered them. Many of the French Canadians viewed with suspicion and uncertainty the move to confederation which drew them into the nation of Canada established in 1867. On balance the partnership of English and French speaking Canadians has been extraordinarily successful, but again the complication of bilingualism and of ethnic differences has unquestionably added to the difficulties of building a nation.

It may seem odd that I have approached the subject of Canadian-British relations by so roundabout a route, but I have wanted to make it plain that it has been no easy task to build a Canadian nation and that this helps to explain why Canadians have sometimes seemed to the British to be excessively touchy and sensitive. This has especially appeared to be the case when at various periods in Canadian history the Canadian nationalists have become convinced that the link with Britain was in some sense a limitation on full Canadian independence. Since the second world war almost no one of any importance in Canada now holds this view; but there may be a few (whom I would count exceedingly old-fashioned) who still see the monarchy as a symbol of Canada's former subservience to Britain. This would not in the least imply a personal antagonism towards Her Majesty nor necessarily toward Great Britain. It would merely be a rather silly manifestation of the shrill Canadianism I referred to earlier. I would want to add in fairness that there are undoubtedly some who would prefer that Canada should be a republic and as the Queen herself remarked the other day in Canada, 'It is a free country', and I see no objection to people who hold this view expounding it. Then there are others of course who object to royal tours either because of their expense or because of the tiresome and stodgy formalities that accompany them.

It is more important to examine Canada's attitude to the Commonwealth. This organization owes an enormous amount to the role Canada has played in the course of its evolution. Among the Dominions, as they used to be called ('Commonwealth countries' is now a better phrase), Canada again and again set the pace in insisting that Britain should grant periodic instalment of self-government. Following the rebellions of 1837 the British North American colonies, which later were to unite to form Canada, were granted responsible government. The new Dominion of Canada set up in 1867 had fairly complete control of its own domestic affairs. Thereafter Canada was too intensely occupied with the internal problems of nation building to be greatly concerned about external affairs.

After the First World War

But the first world war made a decisive difference. Canada's losses in dead and wounded were greater than those of the United States and thereafter she was no longer content to play the role of junior partner to Britain in international affairs. Canada insisted upon and was granted independent membership of the League of Nations set up just after the first world war. She resisted also every suggestion that the Commonwealth should become a tight knit international organization with a single foreign policy. Although there were some doubts in Britain of the wisdom of the Canadian point of view, Britain wisely agreed to what

(continued on page 97)

Who Is to Be the Next U.S. President?

By ALISTAIR COOKE

THE identity of the next President of the United States is even more teasing than usual this time, because there is little mystery about the composition of the next Congress. The in-between election, what is called 'the mid-term election', showed a tremendous drift away from the Republicans to the Democrats. Historically this drift is irresistible, so it is taken for granted that the next House of Representatives will be overwhelmingly Democratic. The next Senate is bound to be, since the seats that are to be contested are mostly safe Democratic seats.

So we are able to put all our money and our curiosity into the Presidency. This time, too, there is no chance that President Eisenhower will be the Republican candidate, since an Act of Congress makes it now impossible for a President to succeed himself after two terms. Therefore in theory the race is wide open in both stables. In fact there seem to be only two Republican runners. Saving some miracle, high scandal, or the appearance of an unknown wonder-boy, the Republicans are going to pick Vice-President Nixon or Governor Rockefeller of New York, a political newcomer who filled himself with glory last year by beating the distinguished Mr. Harriman.

Traditionally, a governorship is the ideal springboard into the Presidency for it is a miniature presidency, a high executive office with much the same sort of power inside the State borders and the same system of patronage that the President holds over the whole country. Moreover—and this is crucial—a governor's actual policies are little known outside his own State. He has the advantage of not having committed himself on big emotional issues. Still the actual people who will pick him, the local pros in those 3,000 counties are reported at present to be very strong for Mr. Nixon. The real open horse-race is with the Democrats, and this time most of the runners are senators. I am not sure that any senator is quite as formidable a candidate as Washington likes to think. Washington does not run the Convention. And there are real reasons why only one senator in American history has gone directly from the Senate to the White House. A senator must commit himself if only by his vote on burning issues that rally one part of the country and offend another.

This time the Democrats have certainly four senators who want to be President. They all have powerful qualifications and powerful defects. Mr. John Kennedy is the record vote-getter in his State. He is personally charming and able; he is against

labour racketeering and sin in general—but he is a Catholic and the Baptist South could kill him off. Mr. Hubert Humphrey is a Northern Liberal and an aggressive one, but this is too much for the segregationists in the South and the North. Mr. Symington is a border State man, and that is usually the compromise that the Democrats choose when passions run high. Mr. Lyndon Johnson is simply a Southerner; though, since he comes from Texas he is pretending to be a Westerner, and it is harder for a Southerner to thread his way into the Presidency than for a rich man, etc., since the South is a one-party region with little pull in the great industrial and farming regions of the other three-fourths of the United States.

Who is left? The only governor who is making a name for himself is Governor Brown of California. He is regarded by the party as competent and

Mr. Richard Nixon

Karsh of Ottawa

amiable; lately, though, he has been handling the California legislature in a masterly fashion. He has abolished the ridiculous practice of putting all the candidates on the ballot forms of both parties. He has solved California's worst domestic problem by bullying the legislature into passing a Bill for the water control of the Central Valley by the simple but highly controversial device of giving the barren, sun-parched land to the south the flooding waters of the lands to the north. He has, in fact, dominated the first Democratic majority in the State Legislature this century. But he, too, is a Catholic. He seems assured of the Vice-Presidential nomination. Is there anyone else? There is only Mr. Adlai Stevenson, and he has been beaten twice. The odds against him are very heavy. But the Democrats once put up a man, William Jennings Bryan, eight years after he had been beaten twice. A tough politician in Chicago who, when I asked him about the next candidate, looked very glum indeed and said: 'We keep going around the stables and don't see nobody, and then you come to the darkest stall, and there's old Adlai waving at you'.

If those four senators are ambitious enough and bitter enough when the Convention meets, and refuse in the early ballots to throw in their hand to one of the four, stranger things have happened than the collapse of all of them and the re-emergence as the party's true elder statesman of Adlai Stevenson of Illinois. The 'if' is the operative word in that sentence, as in all others about the Convention.

'A difference of opinion', said Mark Twain, 'is what makes horse races'. It certainly makes Conventions.

—From a talk in the General Overseas Service



Mr. Adlai Stevenson

A Vanishing Race

CHRISTOPHER RALLING on the Australian aboriginals

WE heard lately that the population of Australia has now passed the 10,000,000 mark. That is not many people compared with China or India or Japan, but it is a great many compared with the number of aboriginal Australians still to be found in the continent. The aboriginals have gradually dwindled from around 300,000 at the end of the eighteenth century to something like 40,000 now—a tiny racial minority. As an important feature of Australian life they probably would not be worth discussing today but for one thing: they are very much a part of the Australian conscience.

The early settlers concluded that a race who wore no clothes at all, used no metal or pottery, built no permanent dwellings, planted no crops, and had not even invented the wheel, must be little better than animals. Most people now agree that their culture, limited in the direction of material comfort and what we should call technology, was uniquely fitted to their surroundings. It was directed towards shedding the trappings of civilization, not collecting them, so that tribes could move about quickly and easily, and so survive, in country which would kill a white man (with no gun) inside a month. They felt a sense of deep kinship with the land. Their tribal spirits were responsible for everything that lives on it—men, animals, and plants. The greatest crime, for an aboriginal, was to upset the balance of nature needlessly. They never destroyed beyond their immediate needs, never made war to obtain better land, never feasted when their neighbours were starving. The evils which spring from envy and competition seem to have been almost unknown to them.

Everyone can decide for himself whether neighbourliness outweighs nakedness as a mark of civilization. That is a matter of opinion. What is now a matter of history is that the aboriginal had little resistance against the onslaught of the white man. The tribal structure of the aboriginal and his laws are static. Once they began to break down, he seemed to lose the will to survive. Soon, white Australians found themselves faced with the possibility of his total extinction. 'The problem', as one welfare officer said to me, 'became one of what to do with a conquered race. Encouraging him to retain his picturesque tribal traditions, like the walkabout and the corroboree, has proved about as useful as recommending Morris dancing as a cure for industrial unemployment'.

More as a stop-gap measure than as a solution, it was decided to make aboriginals 'wards of the state' which meant, simply, that their welfare became a matter of government responsibility. When this was done, Australians felt easier in their minds. Government blunders might take the place of private persecution, but at least the aboriginals would be cared for by the individual tax-payer. They still are today. But oddly enough, this move

(the designation of aboriginals as wards of the state) has earned Australia more criticism overseas than anything else except perhaps the 'white Australia' policy. A ward of the state is not a full citizen. He is not allowed to vote. The punishment for supplying him with alcohol of any kind is six months in gaol with no option of a fine; and the Government has powers to move him about the country more or less at will. This looks, to the newspaper editors of India and Indonesia, like a permanent state of subjugation.

The declared policy of all parties is one of assimilation; but the moves towards it, so far, look more like segregation. Considerable areas of central and northern Australia have been declared aboriginal reserves. The smallest of them is about a couple of square miles; the largest is Arnhem Land in the north, which is about as big as Belgium. White people are forbidden to enter an aboriginal reserve without special permission from the Government Welfare Department. This law protects the people who live there from tourists who simply come to stare, but it also effectively seals them off from white contact of more useful kinds. What they need now, it is often said, is protection from too much protection.

What are these reserves, or government settlements, like? On the larger ones, there are still a few tribes who live by hunting, but most of the aboriginals are now under white administration. A superintendent, usually with a university degree, presides over a small white staff—a manager, a nursing sister, a mechanic, and one or two teachers. This group live and work together for months at a time (with the inevitable frictions), probably

several hundred miles from the nearest town. The three most important tasks they perform are the distribution of rations, the maintenance of health, and education.

What about housing? What about work? The answer in each case is very short. The aboriginals are not interested in housing. The few attempts there have been to house them according to minimum western standards have not been too successful. They have a tendency to tear up the floor-boards for firewood, or to sleep underneath the building instead of inside it. They much prefer a rough structure made out of branches and sacking, or perhaps a sheet of iron, which they can abandon at a day's notice. Visitors, when they first see these humpies, or wurlies, find them 'shocking', 'appalling', 'disgraceful'. In fact, they seem to be all that the aboriginals want.

Work is another matter. Anyone can see, who opens their eyes in the arid centre of this country and looks at the dry earth and blazing sun, that the crux of the problem is work. Without occupation, without a purpose (now that they have no need to hunt), the native settlements set up by the Government tend to become little



An aboriginal and his child in Arnhem Land, northern Australia

Axel Poignant

more than ration stores, around which families can live a life of sloth on white man's 'tucker', and degenerate.

But what else is there for them to do? Only two species can be herded about among the rocks and scrub and show a profit—cattle and tourists. A lucky handful of aboriginal boys join cattle stations at the age of about fifteen, and in the hard discipline of the outback grow up to be stockmen, the aristocrats of their race. You see them come strutting into towns, such as Alice Springs, Cammowear and Tennant's Creek, in high-heeled boots and fancy shirts, with money jingling in their pockets and their heads in the air. Yet the other kind that you see slouching at street corners may well be their brothers with nothing to do but carve for the tourists boomerangs that will not fly and message sticks that carry no message.

It is not easy to feel enthusiastic about the adult aborigine as he is today. But for the first time in many years the race seems to be on the increase again, and the government's main effort is now directed towards the education of the children. Where possible, half-castes (or children of mixed blood) go to the same school as white children. They are not wards of the state and will grow up to be full Australian citizens. The full-bloods go to special schools of their own on the settlements. Although most of these have been in operation for only about twelve years, it is already possible to say certain things with authority. The children are not backward. There is absolutely nothing lacking in their mental capacity which would make them incapable of progress beyond a certain standard. But that is not to say that they are the same as white children. For example, aboriginal children find it extremely difficult to tell the time by the clock. They will read off the hands and face of a clock as a memory exercise, but to relate it to the time of day seems to involve a mental gap that few of them manage to jump. The reason is that their lives, unlike ours, are not dominated by time. A whole camp of them will vanish in the night and be gone for weeks; and pupils at a school have a tendency to come and go in the same way.

On the other hand, they are far more observant than a normal white child. To an aboriginal, a footprint is like a face. He can make the mark of an emu or a wallaby with his fingers in the sand. He can mimic anything. He knows which birds and animals will always lead him to water; the grubs and plants that make good eating; the myriad signs of the desert. You might think, from this, that mixed schools would be a good idea, where white and



An aboriginal stockman, 'aristocrat of his race'

black could help each other by sharing their experience. But while some of them remain 'wards of the state', that is impossible. The present intention is to give as many aboriginal children as possible a primary education and there are considerable handicaps even to that modest venture.

The first is their home life. A child returning to camp in the evening goes home to the influence of its mother, who because of her position in the tribe is almost totally ignorant, by the standards of white people or black. Kitchen utensils of almost any kind, even knives and forks, are a mystery to her; a mother will sometimes make her daughter wear a new dress over the top of an old one. Clothes actually form a psychological break in a child's mind between school and home. When the children go to school in the morning they change out of their ragged camp clothes, take a shower, and put

on clean school clothes.

Another unhelpful influence from the point of view of the school, is that of the tribal elders, who are considered, according to aboriginal law, to be the fount of wisdom and power. But nowadays they tend to be illiterate, indolent old men, deeply suspicious of the 'new magic' that the children are being taught. Nevertheless, they hold the secrets of the tribe. If the children are unworthy to receive them, if they have become tainted by the white man's ways, then the key to the true life, the secret life, will die with the old men. It is disturbing to feel you may be rejected by your own people, especially for the older boys who are getting near the age of initiation. Often they become sulky and unco-operative. Fear of the half-known lives with them, although in their hearts they may despise the old men, who cannot read, write, and speak good English, as they can.

Initiation represents a reassertion of power on the part of the elders at the expense of the school. In some cases it undoes all the efforts of the white teachers in a night. Unfortunately it coincides with the greatest weakness in the present education system; the failure to provide any certainty of employment for the boys and girls when they leave school. At the precise moment when the tribe is making tremendous emotional and spiritual claims on a boy, the white way of life seems to have nothing to offer at all. Less than half the aboriginal boys now at school will ever satisfy the human need to make some kind of contribution. The work is not there; and the Government, as yet, has taken no adequate steps to create any artificially. This is doubly depressing after the really noble efforts of the teachers.

A few aboriginals have managed to come to terms with the divided world they live in. There are one or two girls nursing in hospitals, a few boys learning to be mechanics; but the great bulk of them are still outside the main stream of Australian life. Assimilation has got little further than the planning office.

The great bulk of the white people, however, have a deep feeling of goodwill towards the aboriginals. Racial prejudice, as we know it elsewhere, exists in isolated pockets in Australia, but it is never vicious. My own feeling is that the aboriginals will ultimately be assimilated; but in the process they will lose their identity as a separate race. Either they must be isolated from the currents of modern life, or swallowed up in them: I can see no middle way. In 1884 Captain Charles Sturt, one of the great explorers of the island, wrote in his diary:

My name may be remembered as the first who tried to penetrate the centre. If I failed in that great object, I have one consolation—my path among the savage tribes has been a bloodless one. I trust I have ever made allowance for human timidity, and respected the customs of the rudest people.

The hope of most Australians today is that the last chapter in the history of the aboriginal people can be saved from further tragedy.

—From a talk in the European Services



Children for whom 'a footprint is like a face'; who know 'the myriad signs of the desert'

The Listener

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Restless Romantics

IT is not often that an exhibition organized for the rooms of one gallery is allowed to overflow into another. But that has been the fate of the exciting group of pictures, drawings, sculpture, and other works of art which are now to be seen—under the auspices of the Council of Europe—at the Tate Gallery and at the Arts Council Gallery in London. No doubt the cause has been enthusiasm among the organizing staff; if so, the occasion is apt since exuberance was so often a characteristic of 'the Romantic Movement' which is the theme of the exhibition reviewed by our art critic on another page. It is to be hoped that the ordinary visitor who looks at the objects on show during the next two months will be charmed by their beauty. He may well be amazed at their diversity. For romanticism was an all-pervasive ferment of ideas which during the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries invaded literature and art alike. 'Romantic' is an adjective that can link together prose by Rousseau and poetry by Goethe or Wordsworth, a painting by Hillestrom of an indoor factory scene in Sweden with a water-colour by J. S. Cotman of Croyland Abbey in Lincolnshire.

The romantic attributes of the pictures by Delacroix and Turner are likely to strike visitors at first glance. But students of painting may ask where is the romance in the peacefully distilled and imitative classicism of works by Julius Schnorr von Carolsfeld; while students of poetry may ask where it is in a picture by David that shows Napoleon as a conqueror, crossing the Alps into Italy, accompanied by guns and limbers—the caps of his artillerymen loosened with the effort of hauling up the sides of a mountain pass. Yet, to look closely at the diversity of subject which it is possible to call 'romantic' is to be reminded of the vastness of change in political thought and social structure which the nations of Europe underwent between 1780 and 1848. (In a penetrating foreword to the catalogue, Sir Kenneth Clark explains that these are the limits chosen for the exhibition's scope.)

Near the start of this period one English writer, William Gilpin, said he could not admire a view of the River Thames at Twickenham because, in spite of 'its beauty and even grandeur, . . . it still falls short, in a picturesque light, of a Scotch river with all its rough accompaniments'. His attitude was typically romantic, and he expressed a feeling universal among European artists and writers of the time. The Romantics preferred storm to calm, sunset to sunrise, ruins to real buildings, death to life, the unusual to the typical, and what their senses imagined to what they saw. They bathed themselves in emotion, colour, and feeling, beyond the necessary demands of their canvases. The reason is to be sought in religious and political history. The period was one in which the people of Europe were freeing themselves from those shackles of belief and government which had conditioned them for so long. Men were breaking free from a system, instead of, as in the revolts of the immediate past, merely substituting one mould of it for another. This time of upheaval happened to coincide with a pause in stylistic development. A new generation of artists needed inspiration. It possessed from the recent past techniques—such as dramatic lighting, the loose texture of late baroque, or the exaggerated naturalism of a painter like Salvator Rosa—that were convenient. Using these techniques, the young Romantic artists were able to express the political restlessness of their age.

What They Are Saying

The transferred American squadrons

THE REMOVAL of United States aircraft from France by the Nato Commander, as a result of President De Gaulle's refusal to allow American nuclear warheads to be stockpiled on French territory, has been widely commented on by radio stations. Certain Communist broadcasters have concentrated most on the transfer of American squadrons to Western Germany. One East German transmission reported that 'German Freedom Station 904', the voice of the banned Communist Party of Western Germany, had made the following direct appeal to West Germans:

War Minister Strauss has brought these carriers of atomic death to our country! Death is in our midst! We call on you all, on factory groups and local organizations of the Social Democratic Party, on the works councils and trade union representatives of the German Trade Union Federation, on the Christian clergymen and laymen who have condemned nuclear arming, we call on the 50,000,000 citizens of the Federal Republic: let us fight back! Let us resist by protests, rallies, demonstrations and actions of all kinds.

Another East German transmission linked the transfer of the American aircraft to Western Germany with the resumption of the four-power talks at Geneva. The broadcast said:

This affair is a secret operation, prepared and carried out not only with the knowledge but at the request of the Adenauer Government, after various West European Governments had declined to agree to the stationing of American atomic weapons. Adenauer and Strauss have declared quite openly that it is their intention to present the *fait accompli* of atomic armament in Western Germany in order to prevent a narrowing of the gap at Geneva. In so doing the Bonn Government is showing its contemptuous disregard for the opinion of the West German population and parliament.

Moscow radio paid more attention to the transfer of the American squadrons that have been moved from France to Britain. One transmission in English contained the following:

It is a matter of simple arithmetic that the danger for Britain will increase in proportion to an increase in the number of United States H-bombers flying over her. There is only one way of eliminating the danger for Britain, Japan, and other nations: the termination of flights by American aircraft over foreign territories, the withdrawal of American troops, and the liquidation of American military bases in foreign countries. Only in this case will the tragedy of Ishikawa not be repeated in the British Isles.

In Western Europe and the United States commentators have been concerned to point the lessons of the Franco-American differences for the North Atlantic Alliance. Paris radio quoted the right-wing newspaper *L'Aurore* which said:

The French Government has taken up its position perhaps too inflexibly. America has reacted with a certain excess. Thus has been born a conflict in a matter in which concessions would have humiliated nobody. We are fully convinced that our security depends without reservation on American friendship. We want to be treated as a great nation, but we know that we cannot remain isolated.

The *New York Times* likewise expressed concern over the removal of the United States aircraft from France. It wrote:

These units are part of the Western striking force which protects Western Europe including France. They are forced to leave because President De Gaulle refuses to permit stockpiling of their atomic bombs on French soil. It is essential that France and her friends and allies should come to a closer understanding.

In Western Germany the newspaper *Die Welt* said that there was nothing alarming about the actual decision to transfer the American bombers but that it revealed once more 'the serious political crisis' between France and the two Western atomic powers which it was now more necessary to settle than before in view of the Geneva Conference. The newspaper continued:

Bonn supports, more or less, the French Government's claim to have a say in the use of atomic weapons. But the massing of atomic fighter-bombers on West German territory raises military problems for Bonn. The best way would be for Paris, London, and Washington to reach a compromise on atomic policy.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

THE OMBUDSMAN

'THESE DAYS most of us know what a sagger-maker's bottom-knocker is, but do we know what an Ombudsman is?' asked HONOR BALFOUR in 'Tonight's Topic' (Light Programme). 'No, he has nothing to do with gardening—nor with omnibuses. He is a sort of grievance man in Scandinavia, an official appointed by some Scandinavian parliaments to see that no person or organization is put upon by any government department.'

'“A pity we don't have an Ombudsman here!” many people might say. “Look at the months we had to wait to get Johnnie's tonsils done—and what about the argument over my husband's pension?” To say nothing about the big things that we have had in the newspapers lately—the Waters case, for example; or the Crichton Down case some years ago when a farmer wanted his land back after the war and one of the ministries would not release it. That is the kind of thing it would be the duty of an Ombudsman to have investigated—if we had an Ombudsman.'

'Sweden has been running the Ombudsman system for 150 years, and Denmark has a very active Ombudsman. Strangely enough, Norway has not yet adopted the system, but they are thinking about it. The post is a non-party appointment. The Ombudsman is elected by parliament rather as we elect Mr. Speaker: only he must not be a Member of Parliament, and he must be a lawyer. Once appointed, he has power to order any investigation he considers necessary into any case where he feels the individual or any organization is not getting a fair deal from the Government. He can command any ministry to produce all the facts connected with a case. He can go into any prison or hospital to discuss a matter with a prisoner or patient. He can take up a case for any member of the services. He can order a prosecution in the courts, if need be.'

'Supposing a matter needs airing in parliament, or a law needs amending to make for its smoother or more just working, then he has a special parliamentary committee with whom he works and through which the matter can be brought before the House. He keeps in close touch with the press, too; so he gets things aired in public. His powers even extend to his country's colonies—so that, if we had an Ombudsman, he would be able to order an inquiry into the likes of Hola Camp, for instance.'

'It is a big question, whether or not we should adopt this idea. Whether the Ombudsman system would be as successful in a country of 50,000,000 people, as we are, as it is in Denmark, for example, with only 4,000,000, is one point to be considered. But it is an extremely interesting idea that would have a big effect on our whole social—perhaps I might say legal—structure; and it would certainly be a full-time job if we were to take it up.'

EARLY PHARMACIES

A famous exhibition has reopened in London. It is that of five historical pharmacies, at the Wellcome Foundation in Euston Road. Nowadays the modern chemist shop, with its cosmetics and cameras, is sometimes difficult to tell apart from any other shop, but, as RAY COLLEY explained in 'The Eye-witness', people in the seventeenth century were in no doubt where they were when they entered a pharmacy.

'Take the Italian pharmacy of that period', he said, 'based on the layout and furnishings of the famous Santo



A Hispano-Mauresque pharmacy and—

Spirito Hospital in Rome, which is still in use. Everywhere there are drug jars made in the famous Italian potteries of the time. There is a handsome counter with inlaid figures, and in the background a wood carving from the sixteenth century of either the Madonna or St. Catherine of Alexandria.

'The Hispano-Mauresque pharmacy is a genuine Andalusian pharmacy dating from the eighteenth century. In 1928 Sir Henry Wellcome bought the woodwork and contents of a shop in Granada, which was said to have been continually used as a pharmacy since 1492. It has a fine large cupboard with paintings on the doors of Adam, Solomon, and two erudite Greeks called Theophrastus and Dioscorides. On the panels of the smaller cupboards are portraits of all kinds of men of medicine, including the Scots botanist Robert Morison who was physician to Charles II. The shelves in this shop are filled with hand-painted drug jars and others of Hispano-Mauresque lustre ware.'

'The Arab pharmacy could have been found several centuries ago, or it could be found today, it has changed so little, except in the modern towns. The contents of the reconstruction, the structure, and the fittings are all of Arab workmanship. It contains some excellent examples of craftsmanship in the carved wood of the ceiling, the inlaid mother-of-pearl on the furniture, and the glass mosaics of the windows. Some of the cupboards are decorated not with simple carving but with inlaid work and the intricate interlocking of individual pieces of wood. Few modern craftsmen could even copy such work.'



—an Arab pharmacy: both in the Wellcome Medical Museum

'Outside the English pharmacy there is an advertisement for some of the things obtainable inside. They include Royal English drops, Powder of Kent, Zell and Contrajerva cordial, Gaskoin's poider (powder), essence and oil of viper, Lohoch of foxes' tongues, and treacle of Andromachus. A tile bearing the arms of the Society of Apothecaries of London is hung in the window, and inside are many drug jars made of Lambeth delftware.

'The fifth pharmacy is John Bell's, which used to be in Oxford



Llanyblodwell church with its 'sugar-loaf' spire

Street. The Oxford Street shop was opened by John Bell in 1798, and the front of the old shop was acquired when it was dismantled in 1909. This window also bears the Apothecaries' arms. There is a large jar in which leeches were stored and there are some pills the size of ping-pong balls in another. Although they would have kept me away from the shop I am told that Londoners of the nineteenth century found them fascinating'.

HOW THE VICAR BUILT THE SPIRE

'A century ago at Llanyblodwell, at the edge of the northern green plain of Shropshire', said DAVID PEACE in the Midland Home Service, 'the vicar was the Rev. John Parker. He was a versatile man; besides being a clergyman and architect he was a brilliant water colourist. There are over 1,200 of his pictures in the National Library of Wales at Aberystwyth. Of the hills around his church he said they "defy all competition", and he largely rebuilt his church in a way which also defied competition. Now he had decided to add a tower and spire, which were to be his own gift to the church.

'Early in 1855, Mr. Parker bought a leather-bound notebook and wrote on the outer cover: "Memorandums, etc., respecting Tower and Spire of Llanyblodwell Church". The record begins: "On Monday, 14th May 1855, the foundations of a tower and spire at the west end of Llanyblodwell Church were marked out, and workmen were engaged for digging them". Then follow the names of all the workmen, under the foreman John Vaughan, who was paid 4s. a day; the masons 3s. 6d. down to 2s. 4d.; and the labourers 2s. 2d. or 2s. a day. Within the first month Parker writes: "We had poured into the foundations 1,645

barrowfuls of concrete, thrown in from the scaffold, so as to fall with some force from a height of four or five feet above the level of the churchyard".

'On Wednesday, November 7, he says: "This day we lifted into its place, first by chains, then by lewis, the largest of our cornerstones—more than two tons in weight. . . . The raising of such a stone fifty feet above the ground, and leaving it there, is a delicate and serious operation". Fifty feet, but, as Parker often points out in his journal, his spire is 104 feet high; so we are only half-way there, and already he has spent of his own money £1,210 14s. 8d.

'A year after the start Parker writes: "There has been no accident, no mistake: and the whole work looks very promising". But in a day or two we read: "This afternoon, as I was going up the high ladder in the spire, with J. Vaughan a few steps below me, some bricks and a quantity of half-set mortar fell from above, crushed my hat, and lamed Vaughan, who for some time could hardly move. . . . If I had been knocked off the ladder, I should have carried him down with me. . . . and we should probably have both been killed". But soon he writes: "We placed the top stone final on the summit of the spire at 6 o'clock this evening. It is 3 feet 4 inches high. . . . As it slowly rose into its place, it appeared very large; too large for its intended position; but when it reached the summit, that effect altogether disappeared".

'To mark the completion there was a full church for evensong on Thursday, August 14, 1856, and a full dining-room at the vicarage afterwards, when 120 people attended what the vicar called a "stand-up evening luncheon". But it was the next day that his hospitality reached its peak, when no less than 111 children were invited to tea. In building the spire alone his generosity ran to £1,365 13s. 10d.—almost exactly what the eight bells cost, a century later, in 1951'.

GIFT OF THE GAB

'I dare say you have met people who, by nature or upbringing, are fulsome and effusive in their way of talking', said W. R. RODGERS in a talk in the General Overseas Service. 'Everyone to them is either a "darling" or "a sweet person", and everything is "charming" or "enchanted". That kind of enthusing is foreign to me, for I was brought up in Presbyterian Ulster where such words are as scarce as water in the middle of the Sahara.

'Ulster people have a reputation for being dour and non-committal. "Keep the door of our lips, O Lord", is their prayer, and the door is usually kept closed. We were taught never to waste words, and we learned the fine art of understatement early. The gift of the gab was not encouraged. Our way of speech reflected a way of life and character. You will see what I mean when I tell you about the Ulsterman who went for a walk one day with his dog, and met a neighbour. "That's not a bad wee dog you have there", said the neighbour. "It's not intended to be a bad wee dog", answered the owner. He was not being rude: he was just, like a good Puritan, indulging his love for understatement, though I will admit there was a sting in it, as there usually is in all Puritan austerity.

'This deep distrust of overstatement, this strict economy of emotions, ran through all our lives. Understatement has its virtues; it makes for caution and accuracy. Yet it can, I think, in its own way, be just as extreme and impoverishing as overstatement. Words, after all, are meant for communication, and if we cannot be free and easy in our words we will never be free or easy in our relationships either to God or man.

'Still, having said all this, I must admit that the sort of Presbyterian reticence I was reared in produced people of extraordinarily strong and individual character. Once, in China, a Presbyterian missionary was gravely ill with an infection of the throat; indeed he was in danger of suffocating, and the only doctor was a day's journey away, in Hankow. The missionary and his wife looked up the medical text book and found the proper treatment was a "tracheotomy"—that is, an incision in the windpipe. So they got out the sharpest knife in the house. But his wife simply could not bring herself to use the knife on her husband. "Look", whispered the missionary, "you *must* do it. Just pretend, my dear, that you don't like me".

'When the doctor arrived a day later, he announced that the operation could not have been performed more skilfully'.

Trotsky at his Nadir

By ISAAC DEUTSCHER

TROTSKY'S *DIARY IN EXILE**, now published for the first time, was discovered in a 'forgotten valise' at his home in Mexico twelve years after his assassination. He wrote it in France and Norway in 1935. This is not, however, as the editors claim, the only diary he has written. Among his published and unpublished papers there are a few others, written at various times; it is surprising that Trotsky's literary executors should be so poorly informed about his literary heritage. But although the claim about its uniqueness is unfounded, this diary is of exceptional interest as a political and human document: Trotsky rarely, if ever, wrote about himself as intimately and self-revealingly as he does here.

'The diary is not a literary form I am especially fond of', he says in the first entry. '... I would prefer the daily newspaper. But there is none available. ... Cut off from political action, I am obliged to resort to such *ersatz* journalism ...'. This unpromising introduction need not be taken literally. There is much more than *ersatz* journalism here, because Trotsky was in fact far more fond of this particular 'literary form' than he cared to admit. True, he usually resorted to it only during a lull in his political activity; but this was probably the only time when he could freely indulge in introspection.

Precarious Asylum in France

The lull during which he wrote this diary was, for many reasons, his nadir. He had already spent two years in France, enjoying—if this be the right word here—the precarious asylum which the Government of M. Daladier had stingily granted him. Paris having been declared out of bounds for him, he had lived *incognito*, under police surveillance, in various places in the provinces. Every now and then his identity was discovered; and, amid an uproar in the press, pursued by crowds of reporters and photographers, hounded by numerous enemies on right and left, he had to escape hurriedly from one place of residence, to look for another and reassume his *incognito*—until the next incident or accidental indiscretion compelled him to take to the road once again. The threat of expulsion from France hung over his head. Only because no other country would allow him to enter was he permitted to stay on, for the time being, in complete isolation at a small village in the Alps, not far from Grenoble. France was just then on the eve of the Popular Front; the Stalinists exercised increasing pressure on the government; and so he had reason to fear final deportation—it could only be to a remote French colony like Madagascar.

In the Soviet Union this was the lull before the great purges, in all of which he was to figure as villain-in-chief. The Kirov affair was only a few months old. Zinoviev and Kamenev were once again imprisoned and, despite repeated recantations, accused of collusion with Trotsky, counter-revolutionary activity, treason, and so on; Trotskyism generally was under fire. Even from afar Trotsky felt the mounting fury of the terror Stalin was unleashing, although the precise facts were not yet known. Trotsky's family was already affected. His first wife Alexandra Sokolovskaya and his two sons-in-law had been, or were just being, deported to Siberia. He had already lost his two daughters, Zina and Nina—Zina had committed suicide; the orphaned grandchildren were all, except one, in Russia, at fate's mercy. Finally, there came the news from Moscow, ominously vague at first, of trouble with Sergei, Trotsky's youngest son, a promising scientist, who was utterly non-political and was not involved in the Opposition but was now falling victim to Stalin's vengeance. The tense expectation of definite news about Sergei and the anguish of his parents fill many a page in this diary.

For reasons of yet another order, this was for Trotsky a time of acute frustration. He had come to France in 1933, after nearly five years of exile in Turkey, with ambitious plans and sanguine

hopes which were now at an ebb. He had been confident that in France he would be able to resume his political activity on a large scale. After Hitler's rise to power and the 1933 catastrophe of the German left—a catastrophe to which Stalinist policies had greatly contributed and of which Trotsky had been the unheeded Cassandra—he launched the so-called Fourth International. From personal experience I know how great were the hopes he placed on it. A group of his co-thinkers, to which I belonged at the time, warned him in vain that he was embarking on a futile venture. Soon indeed it turned out that the Fourth International was still-born. Trotsky nevertheless desperately tried to breathe life into it; and he had just instructed his followers to enter the Socialist Parties and there to try to recruit adherents for the new International.

In any case, Trotsky's presence in France had not made it easier for him to plunge back into political activity. In the turbulent events of the last pre-war decade, especially in those occurring outside the U.S.S.R., his role was that of the great outsider. 'For the very reason', he writes, 'that it fell to my lot to take part in great events, my past now cuts me off from chances of action. I am reduced to interpreting events and trying to foresee their future course'. Yet, his past which cut him off from chances of action did not allow him to remain inactive either: he, the leader of the October Revolution, the founder of the Red Army, and the inspirer of the Communist International, could not possibly reconcile himself to the role of the outsider.

If to all these circumstances we add his persistent ill-health, and something as humanly ordinary as a middle-age crisis, not to speak of difficulties in earning a living, we shall get an idea of his mood at this time. The recurrent and mysterious fever from which he had suffered for thirteen years now gave him spells of utter enervation and immobility. But although the strain on his nerves was severe, he still showed astonishing energy and vitality when critical events confronted him with a direct challenge. In the intervals he tended, not surprisingly, to succumb to hypochondria: he brooded over his advancing age and over death. He was only fifty-five, but repeatedly he recalled Lenin's or rather Turgenev's saying: 'Do you know what is the greatest vice? To be more than fifty-five years old'. Revolution is as a rule the business of the young; and professional revolutionaries age much more rapidly than do, say, British parliamentarians. Trotsky was as little reconciled to growing old as he was to being an outsider.

Premonitions of Violent Death

He had premonitions of his violent death at Stalinist hands. 'Stalin', he observed, 'would now give a great deal to be able to retract the decision to deport me. He will unquestionably resort to a terroristic act in two cases ...: if there is a threat of war, or if his own position deteriorates greatly. Of course, there could also be a third case, and a fourth ... We shall see. And if we don't then others will'. At the same time he began to think of suicide, but the thought was to take a more definite shape only five years later, when he was to write his testament.

Even while his energy was sapped, he could not live in a country without reacting to the political events of the day; and he could not react otherwise than with the full force of all his militant instincts, his mighty passion, his anger, his irony. He watched the manoeuvres and the shilly-shallying of the nascent Popular Front, was convinced that they would all end in disaster, and had a clear presentiment of the France of 1940. Without inhibition he expressed his contempt for the official leaders of the European Labour movement—Blum, Thorez, Vanderwelde, the Webbs. On a few occasions he drew graphic and devastating thumb-nail sketches, of which one in particular makes piquant reading today—the sketch of M. Paul-Henri Spaak, the present Secretary-

General of Nato, who in the early nineteen-thirties was something like Trotsky's disciple, diligently, yet apprehensively, submissive, and over-awed by the master.

However, the crux of this Diary is not in what Trotsky had to say on events and public figures or even on literature—he said it all more fully and much better in other writings. The diary is remarkable mainly because of the pages he devotes to the fate of his family, pages full of tragic pathos and nobility.

Trotsky's anxiety over his youngest son was all the more poignant because he feared that Sergei, in his political innocence and indifference to politics, would not be able to take the blow that fell on him; and in Trotsky's anxiety there was an admixture of a sense of guilt. Natalya Ivanovna, on learning about their son's imprisonment, said: 'They will not deport him under any circumstances; they will torture him in order to get something out of him, and after that they will destroy him'. The image of their tortured and bewildered son haunted the parents. (In truth, Sergei was not as bewildered as they feared he would be. Recently I have talked with a man who spent twenty-three years in Stalin's concentration camps and prisons and was, he thinks, the last person to share a prison cell with Sergei. Sergei stood his ordeal proudly and, facing death, he not merely refused to bear false testimony against his father, but found himself bound to him by new ties of moral solidarity, although even then Sergei was not a 'Trotskyist'.)

Trotsky and his Wife

With sublime tenderness Trotsky watched his suffering wife, recollected various incidents of their common life—they had now lived together for thirty-three years; and he felt that he ought 'to fix her image on paper'. He did this with undisguised partiality, yet with truth. What he has sketched is in effect the image of the Niobe of our age, as true an exemplar of the countless and nameless martyred mothers of our time as, on a different level, Anne Frank is of the martyred children. Natalya Ivanovna was not to her husband the kind of political comrade that Krupskaya was to Lenin—she was far less politically minded and active than Krupskaya. 'Even though she is interested in the small daily facts of politics', Trotsky writes, 'she does not usually combine them into one coherent picture'. The loving husband could not express more clearly a doubt about his wife's political judgment. But this was not important: 'When politics go deep down and demand a complete reaction', he goes on, 'Natalya always finds in her inner music the right note'. Of this, her 'inner music', he speaks frequently; and, incidentally, when he described her it was mostly while she was listening to some music. He notes with gratitude that she never reproaches him for their son's misfortune, or else that she conceals her suffering even from him. Finally he relates:

Concerning the blows that have fallen to our lot, I reminded Natasha the other day of the life of the arch-priest Avakuum. [Avakuum was a seventeenth-century rebel against Greek Orthodoxy who had been deported twice before he was burnt at the stake.] They were stumbling on together in Siberia, the rebellious priest and his faithful spouse. Their feet sank into the snow, and the poor exhausted woman kept falling into the snowdrifts. Avakuum relates: 'And I came up, and she, poor soul, began to reproach me, saying "How long, arch-priest, is this suffering to be?" And I said, "Markovna, unto our very death". And she, with a sigh, answered: "So be it, Petrovich, let us be getting on our way"'.

And so it was to be with Trotsky and Natalya Ivanovna: the suffering was to be 'unto our very death'. Five years later, writing his testament, he suddenly lifted his head and saw 'Natasha approaching the window from the courtyard and opening it wider so that the air may come more freely into my room'; she made him think at this moment of the beauty of life and he 'fixed' this image of her in the last paragraph of his testament.

It is certainly no matter of chance that between his entries about Sergei, Trotsky, unexpectedly and seemingly out of context, tells the story of the execution of the Tsar and the Tsar's family. At this moment of anxiety and anguish over his own children, the innocent victims of his conflict with Stalin, Trotsky undoubtedly thought about those other innocent children, the Tsar's, on whom the sins of the fathers were visited. He records that he personally had no part in taking the decision about the Tsar's execution—the decision was primarily Lenin's; and that he was startled at first

when he learned about the fate of the Tsar's family. But he does not record this to dissociate himself from Lenin. On the contrary, after seventeen years he defends Lenin's decision as necessary and taken in the interest of the revolution's self-defence. In the midst of civil war, the Bolsheviks could not leave the White Armies 'with a live banner to rally around'; the Tsar's children, he says, 'fell victim to that principle which constitutes the axis of monarchy: dynastic succession'. Any one of them, if left alive, would have served the Whites as rallying banner and symbol. The unspoken conclusion of this meaningful digression is clear enough. Even if one granted Stalin the right to exterminate his adversaries—Trotsky was far from granting him that—Stalin still had not a shred of justification for persecuting the children of his opponents. Sergei was not bound to Trotsky by any principle of dynastic succession.

Ill-founded Criticism

Some critics, mostly ex-Communists, have, in this connexion, commented on Trotsky's 'unteachability' and the 'arrogance' with which he asserted his Communist convictions to the end. The criticism seems to me particularly ill-founded. If Trotsky had renounced his principles and beliefs from disillusionment, under the lash of persecution and defeat, this surely would not have testified to his intellectual integrity and moral stamina, or even to his 'teachability'. He would not have been himself if he had done this. At the lowest ebb of his fortunes he was indeed as unshaken in his philosophy of life as he had been at its height. In this I see his strength, not his weakness. When at last, in 1940, weighed down by illness, age, and so many cruel blows, he pondered the possibility of suicide, he was above all anxious that the world should not see the suicide as his moral capitulation and renunciation of principles. He wrote the testament to make it clear that if he were ever to take his life, he would do so from sheer physical inability to carry on the struggle, not from despair or doubt in his cause. He did not commit suicide, however—the axe of an assassin smashed his brain. He penned his testament as he penned this diary, in a moment of all too human frailty; but even the frailty underlines his moral stature.

This is not to say that Trotsky's attitude was invulnerable. But his vulnerability lay not where the critics I have mentioned see it. He belonged to what he himself called the heroic epoch of the Russian Revolution. An intense nostalgia for that epoch swayed him to the end of his days. Through its prism he looked upon all later events; and in his thought and imagination he constantly projected that epoch into the future.

The projection was at odds with the actual course of events, and never more so than in the nineteen-thirties. The processes of revolution, both within and without the Soviet Union, developed in forms very different from those of the 'heroic phase' of 1917-1920, in forms which could not but be repugnant to the adherent of the classical Marxian tradition, in forms which marked indeed a degeneracy of revolutionary politics, in a word—in Stalinist forms. But basically it was still the revolution for which Trotsky stood that had assumed these forms. He considered it to be his mission to expose the 'degeneracy' and to create a new Communist party which, he believed, would be capable of guiding the revolution towards renaissance. He overrated his capacity to achieve this; as he also overrated the potentialities of revolution in the West. On the other hand, he undoubtedly underrated the vitality of the new Soviet society, its inherent capacity for self-reform and regeneration, its inherent ability to overcome Stalinism eventually, and to go beyond Stalinism.

Giant of this Century

Yet, despite all his fallibility and his moments of weakness, Trotsky emerges even from this diary as one of the very few giants of this century. His nostalgia for the heroic period of the revolution, the Lenin era, would have been sheer quixotry if that era had been nothing but the dead past. Yet twenty years after Trotsky's death a new Soviet generation is looking back to that era almost as much as he did, and still seems to find some lessons to learn from it. And so Trotsky appears not merely as the nostalgic survivor of one epoch, a closed one, but as the great precursor of another, which is only beginning.—*Third Programme*

Odd Starheim: Norwegian Hero of the War

By SIR BRIAN HORROCKS

MY story is about Norway and those gallant men and women who formed part of the Norwegian Resistance during the last war. There was a group of these people in south-west Norway, and their leader was a very remarkable young man called Odd Starheim.

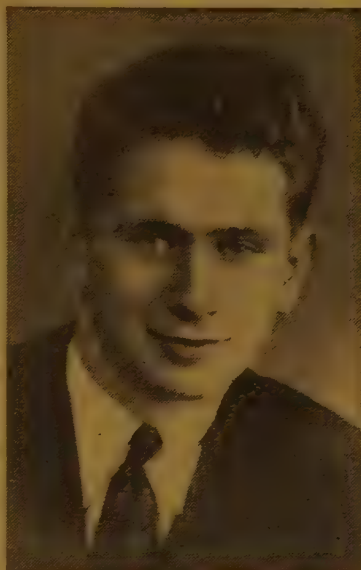
Odd Starheim was born in the small town of Farsund, one of the wealthiest in Norway, for some of the biggest shipowners in the country live there, and those who do not own ships sail them. Odd's father was one of these, a Norwegian skipper. Odd was the eldest of a family of five. Even from childhood he was a little different from the others. He was a small boy, not very strong but extremely pugnacious. He once said of himself: 'My hands may be small but they can hit people'. He was determined to go to sea as his father had done, and eventually succeeded in doing so at the age of sixteen. His ambition was to be captain of his own ship. All his life he had a strong sense of duty, and the death of his father when Odd was in his early teens brought out the serious side of his character. More and more he withdrew into himself.

He seemed older than his contemporaries. Even in those days they regarded him as the leader. This was remarkable because he was a shy young man, tongue-tied in the presence of strangers. But what I found so interesting about him was that, like so many others of these extraordinarily brave people whose careers I have been studying during this series of television programmes, Starheim was always looking for a cause. And during the war he found one: to free Norway. That is what drove him and two other young men to get hold of a twenty-one-foot motor boat and sail it across the North Sea, right under the noses of the Nazis, to Scotland. There he joined the S.O.E.—Secret Operations Executive—whose job it was to organize resistance and sabotage inside Norway.

That organization trained him and sent him back to Norway by submarine on New Year's Eve, 1941; he landed on the coast with a wireless transmitter with which to send out all the information he could get about the Germans, and with the important task of organizing resistance in south-west Norway. This was given the code name of 'Operation Cheese'.

'Operation Cheese' covered a large part of the south-west of the country, and in particular a number of ports. Of these Kristiansand was by far the most important. It was the third biggest port in Norway. It was also a small industrial centre with some important factories, which further increased its value in the eyes of the Germans. Starheim knew he must establish a good man in Kristiansand. During the war the docks were strictly barred, on pain of imprisonment, to the local inhabitants, but there was one man who comparatively easily could come and go as he pleased: Viggo Axelssen, the son of a ship's chandler. He was almost the only man who had German permission to meet ships; to check stores coming in; and whose presence the Germans accepted. The next man in the resistance group in Kristiansand was Johannes Seland. He had been the young editor of a newspaper published in the north, and like all pressmen he had many contacts. Starheim found him a well-established figure in Kristiansand. He had been made secretary of the National Relief Organization and because of this was allowed to move about the country at will.

So far, so good. But the information they collected had to be passed on, and the man who did it was Arne Mohn, a bus driver. In those days of occupation no one was allowed to travel outside



Odd Starheim

a three-mile limit. In his job as a bus driver Mohn drove over a large part of Norway. It was then decided that Flekkefjord in the north-west would be the transmission base from which all the messages would be sent. Flekkefjord is a small fishing town. Its relative remoteness was an advantage.

In a square in the middle of the town, living and working in a small shop he owned, was Tor Njaa, who immediately volunteered to act as the contact man and the receiver of messages. But who would send these messages and transmit them out of the country? Immediately outside Flekkefjord is a small valley which has only one road running through it. At the top is a farmhouse. As it overlooked the valley, ample warning could be given if anyone was approaching. There lived Gunvald Tomstad, a farmer, known to everyone as Tom, the second hero of our story. He was an ideal choice to send out these messages, for ever since anyone could remember Tom's hobby had been radio. He was far more proficient than Odd Starheim or any of the others. His girl-friend, Soffie

Rorvig, now his wife, was also co-opted. She worked in the local milk depot, and as the village knew that she and Tomstad had been walking out for some time, it would be natural that she should go on visiting him. It was arranged that she would carry up the valley messages brought by Arne Mohn the bus-driver. She would deliver them to Tomstad who would transfer them to England.

There were, of course, many others, but those were the hard core and they were under no illusions about the dangers they ran. They knew well what would happen to them if they were captured by the Gestapo, and that is why each one was given a lethal pill to take as a last resort. One of them, many years afterwards, said that he regarded each fresh day as a loan from God. Nevertheless, everything started well. Much information came in and was transmitted to England. Starheim was far too well known to move about much. So he stayed on the farm at Helle disguised as a farm worker. But now, to help 'Operation Cheese', Tom did



Gunvald Tomstad showing how he hid his portable radio transmitter in the cleft of a rock when the Gestapo were searching the neighbourhood

something which went much against the grain. The Germans had established in Norway a National Front, under Quisling. As a cover, Tom decided to join this organization, I reckon that needed great courage. He was risking his life with that transmitter in the house sending out all those messages to England, and now he was going to be ostracized by all the Norwegian people. Nobody would have anything to do with him and he and Soffie were actually booed at wherever they went in the streets.

But joining the Quislings paid a good dividend. One day the German Commandant happened to say to Tom casually that they suspected that there was a transmitter operating somewhere in the valley sending messages to Great Britain, and that they were erecting detectors all around to locate this particular set. Starheim and Tom decided that there was only one thing to do. To go off the air for the time being and remain silent, which they did.

Meanwhile, however, down in Kristiansand, Axelssen, the ship's chandler, was walking along the headland with a couple of friends. Suddenly he saw something out at sea, so he borrowed a pair of binoculars in order to see it better and felt sure that what he saw was a battleship accompanied by three destroyers. This information was handed over immediately to Arne Mohn. But when it was received by Starheim he was set a difficult problem. He knew that detector sets were all round listening. He knew the Gestapo was waiting to pounce—but this was an important message, and it had to be sent. So he opened up and sent it. When it was received in England its importance was at once realized. For a long time we had suspected that the German battleship 'Bismarck' was lurking in a fiord in Norway. This message confirmed it, and, ultimately, as a result of that message, the 'Bismarck' was sunk.

Search for the Transmitter

But the effect on 'Operation Cheese' was instantaneous and almost disastrous. Tom's mother came tearing into the house; she said that the Gestapo had put a cordon right round the valley; that she had been followed up the road by police cars full of Germans. It looked as though the game was up, and it must have been a terrible moment for the two of them, because the firing squad was the least they had to fear. They separated; Starheim went up the hill into the woods behind the house; Tom covered up the wireless set as best he could. Then he went outside, climbed the ladder, and started to paint the side of his house, a job which he had begun a few days before. Out of the corner of his eye he saw two cars drive up and stop outside the neighbour's house. An officer got out and went in. Tom went on painting. Suddenly he was heard to curse, curiously enough just loud enough for the German drivers to hear, to the effect that he had run out of paint and that he must get some more. He went down from the ladder inside, ran upstairs, seized the transmitter, and put it into a little cave which was covered by a bush, a hiding place which he had prepared beforehand. And within a minute he was out again, up the ladder and carrying on with his painting. The officer came out of the neighbour's house, crossed the road, and now anything might happen. Tom wished him good-morning politely. The officer looked up and seeing the face of that well-known Norwegian Quisling Tomstad, smiled, waved his hand, turned on his heel and walked away. Tom's was the only house in the valley that was not searched that day.

But the cordon was still round the valley and Starheim, the leader, had to get out. This is where Soffie played her part. That night one of the German sentries of the cordon, in the lovely Norwegian moonlight, saw a loving couple coming down towards him with their arms round each other's necks. They even snuggled up just close to the hut and he watched them enviously as they crossed his beat into the woods beyond, oblivious to everybody but themselves. Starheim was out of the net. And using the Underground's escape route, which had just been established, he crossed the frontier into Sweden and was flown back to Great Britain.

'Operation Cheese' recovered from this setback mainly because of Tom, who gained rapid promotion in the Quisling organization and was soon regarded as the leader of all the local traitors and therefore had freedom of action.

At the end of 1941 the S.O.E. decided to send arms to Underground workers in Norway, and Starheim was to go in beforehand to arrange for the reception and distribution of these arms. The

last time he had gone back to Norway was by submarine; this time he flew in, and it was again New Year's Eve, this time 1942, when he dropped from his aircraft, gently and peacefully into a snow-drift in Norway.

Escape from Oslo

The next few weeks were spent organizing the reception of the arms and reporting back to this country, where they should come to, but in the course of this job he had to visit Oslo to make contact with the leaders there. Complete with false identity papers, Starheim arrived in Oslo, and he went to stay there with the Rasmussems. The husband was a member of the Resistance. When Odd Starheim went to bed that night all was peaceful, but next morning he was awakened by Mrs. Rasmussem shaking him by the shoulders and saying: 'Quick, get out, the Gestapo have arrived to arrest my husband'. But it was too late. There were five policemen searching the flat. Starheim moved over towards the window, but he was ordered back roughly by the sentry who posted himself there with a tommy-gun pointing in. And it looked as though 'Operation Cheese' was going to need a new leader in the not too distant future. But there was just one chance—the lavatory. After a good deal of argument the Germans allowed him to go there, but followed by a sentry. Starheim slipped in, shut and locked the door in the sentry's face. He knew that there was a second door out of that lavatory leading to the room occupied by the old grandmother. Was that door locked or not? On such small things as these do men's lives depend in war. He tried it and it gave. So, pulling the plug to hide the noise, he slipped in and taking no notice of the terrified old lady lying in her bed, he ran across to the window and dropped fourteen feet on to the ice-covered courtyard outside, damaging his ankle. He scrambled across, over the wall at the back, down into the road. He saw a lorry coming up the hill.

'Are you a good Norwegian?' he called out to the driver.

'Yes', replied the man, 'who's chasing you—the Germans?'

He said: 'The Gestapo'.

'Jump in', said the driver, and swung the vehicle off the main road; and they rattled through side roads out of the town. For the second time Odd Starheim had escaped from the Nazi net by the skin of his teeth.

Rasmussem was taken off to Gestapo headquarters but in spite of repeated torturing he gave away nothing. Then one night, feeling that he had come to the end of his powers of resistance, he hanged himself in his cell. Another brave Norwegian had died for freedom.

Capturing a Coastal Steamer

Having completed his business with the arms, Starheim succeeded in getting back to his hideout up on the farm outside Flekkefjord, where he was more or less protected by that well-known 'quisling' and 'traitor', Tom. But the country was getting too hot for him. He had to get out. The fishing boat which was sent to bring him back to Britain could not get through, so he had to make his own plan for escape, and a remarkable plan it was. He decided to capture one of the coastal steamers and sail it to Britain. Until now Starheim has shown qualities of courage and organizational ability, but here we begin to see something more: enterprise, initiative, the capacity to take a calculated risk; the qualities of high command, remarkable in one so young.

He got in touch with Axelssen, the ship's chandler at Kristiansand, and asked him to let him know when a suitable coastal steamer was coming out. He then chose his crew; one engineer, two stokers, and two tough friends of his who had been trained in the use of arms. The plan was that they should embark in pairs at different ports and book tickets as passengers in the ordinary way, so as not to arouse suspicion. Everything was laid on and arranged. All that was required was a suitable ship. The 'Galtesund', a small coastal steamer of 620 tons was in Kristiansand, so Viggo Axelssen reported. She was sailing north and would be ideal for the job. The first two men would board at Kristiansand; Starheim must board and stage his coup from Flekkefjord. Eventually the 'Galtesund' arrived at Flekkefjord and Starheim went down, booked a ticket, went on board and the ship sailed. When it was well out at sea, the Captain came

down from the bridge to his cabin to have a word with one of the passengers, the only real passenger on board. He, poor man, was hoping to attend a family christening in a town in the north of Norway—all the other passengers were Starheim's men. Suddenly the door opened and in came Starheim and one man with a revolver. 'Hands up', he said, 'we're officers of the Norwegian Navy and we're taking over your ship'.

Starheim took over as captain and continued on the normal course until it was sufficiently dark for the Germans not to be able to see. Then he turned due west for Scotland. So far everything had gone according to plan. But in the early morning the sound of aircraft could be heard overhead—could it be that the 'Galtesund' had been spotted by the Germans? Because if so this small unarmed merchant ship would stand no chance at all from a low-flying attack from a German bomber. On the other hand it might be the R.A.F., because Tom had been asked to send a message to England requesting air cover as soon as the 'Galtesund' sailed. The noise grew louder; Starheim ordered everybody on deck to be prepared to abandon ship as out of the clouds swooped the aircraft. Instead of the Nazi swastikas it was the R.A.F. sign they saw. Proudly they broke the Norwegian flag on their stern, and the aircraft circled round overhead sending one word: 'Congratulations!' I believe it was the greatest moment of Starheim's life when he sailed that ship into Aberdeen harbour.

But back in Norway things were going badly. More and more members of the Resistance were being arrested. Seland the editor just managed to escape over the frontier into Sweden and got to England. But Tor Njaa the shop-keeper was picked up by the Gestapo and died in prison, and Tomstad remembers those days with horror. More and more he was aware of danger all round him as he tapped his messages out. He knew that he was becoming increasingly isolated as others of the group either escaped to

England or were sent to concentration camps. Starheim realized that it was essential to stage a spectacular coup inside Norway to lift up morale in the country, so he decided to capture not just one ship but a whole convoy. He returned for the third time with forty Norwegian Commandos who had been trained in this country under his orders for that purpose.

But now his almost proverbial luck deserted him. He was spotted before they could carry out the coup, and they were chased and harried by the Germans all over the country, up into the mountains in mid-winter with inadequate clothing and inadequate food. It was always Starheim who drove them on and kept up their morale. When it was obvious that they would have to escape again and get out of the country, it was he who once more seized another merchant ship, curiously enough the sister ship of the 'Galtesund', the 'Tromsund'. He seized her and again left port safely, but on March 1, 1943, when they were well out at sea, once more the sound of aircraft was heard overhead, but this time the aircraft which came out of the clouds bore the Nazi swastika on its wings. There were no survivors at all from the 'Tromsund'; Starheim's body was subsequently washed ashore on the coast of Sweden.

Today, Johannes Seland is still in Kristiansand. He is editor of the largest newspaper there. Viggo Axelssen, the ship's chandler, runs his father's business, and Arne Mohn, the bus driver, is a supervisor with the bus company. Gunvald and Soffie Tomstad are married, and they still live in their farmhouse with their three small children—all born since the war. But Odd Starheim, that gallant young man, did not, after all, live to see the day when his beloved Norway was free once again.—B.B.C. Television Service

General Horrocks is particularly indebted for his source material to *Salt Water Thief* by the Norwegian author E. O. Hauge, translated into English by Major Malcolm Munthe (Duckworth, 15s.).

The Americanness of American Literature

GEORGE STEINER on the dividing line from Europe

DURING his term as American consul in Liverpool in 1856, Nathaniel Hawthorne found that there lay between the American and the English spirit, as in some oriental fable of frustrated love, 'the cold steel blade of a sword'. That blade cuts across the history of the classic American novel and the lives of major American writers.

From the time that tall, craggy Ithuel Bolt bursts upon the European scene in James Fenimore Cooper's *Wing-and-Wing*, down to the present, the American hero, the new Adam from the West, has returned to Europe. Often, he has found grim disillusion: Young Redburn, in Melville's novel of 1849, looks upon that very city of Liverpool in which Hawthorne was to spend several years, and found it 'a house of the dead', blighted with poverty and the corruption of political injustice. The American Adam looks through the gates on the relinquished Paradise and sees that it is truly lost.

But others came to stay. They discovered in Europe that world of art and rich sensibility which their own thin, colder climate of mind had denied them. The Ambassadors come over on their Jamesian mission to summon them back to America, but they will not go. They discover, with Thomas Wolfe's earth-wandering hero, that 'You can't go home again'. Or if they do return, obedient to some ancient call of Puritan duty, they shed all their lustre. This fable of the tragic return is recounted in Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night*. Dick Diver has absorbed too much of the richness and warmth of Europe; he returns to the exile of his native ground and dies like a fish out of water. Indeed, with the notable exception of *Moby Dick*, nearly every major achievement in classic American fiction touches upon this theme of the voyage to Europe and the consequent encounter between the two worlds.

This has been equally true of the lives of American writers. When Washington Irving took the grand tour in the first years of the nineteenth century or later chose to spend seventeen years

away from the United States, he did so without sense of moral strain. Belonging to the world of Addison and Steele, he could still treat the Atlantic as a breach of taste and logic on the part of nature. But with the visit to London of James Fenimore Cooper in 1828, the inherent drama of the situation became clear. Cooper wrote: 'If any man is excusable for deserting his country, it is the American artist'. No sentence has cast a sharper or more prophetic light on the history of American literature. In that light, we see Hawthorne and Melville meeting in England and Hawthorne trying to resolve the question of whether a novelist could practise his craft in America—a country where, as he put it, 'there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery . . . nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight'.

The entirety of Henry James's life, as well as his art, mirror the clash between American and European values. And in a moment of discouragement, the Master confided to Hamlin Garland that perhaps he would have done better to remain in the United States. Perhaps there would have been in his work something stronger and more decisive had it not been conceived in a half-world between old and new. At the end, of course, this most complete of American novelists became a British subject. So, not very long after, became the gentleman from St. Louis, Missouri, Mr. T. S. Eliot. In fact, much of American literature in the first decades of the twentieth century struck root in London and Paris. Some has never been re-transplanted. Not only does Hemingway live outside the United States, but in all his fiction only one novel and a number of shorter tales even deal with an American setting.

The problem that began with Cooper, the temptation to desert, is far from resolved. From his castle in northern Italy, that old black magician, Ezra Pound, looks back on a life which illustrates, with tragic intensity, the American-Europe motif. As a

young poet, newly arrived in Venice and London; he wondered whether any artist could 'hammer out' his destiny in America. He called to those who had remained behind:

O helpless few in my country,
O remnant enslaved!
Artists broken against her.

But Pound refused to abandon American citizenship, and out of that strange obstinacy sprang the political drama of his later years.

Essential Clue to a Dilemma

There, I think, we have an essential clue: behind the recurrent literary theme and the facts of individual biography lies the root dilemma of all American literature. Set in a continent which man had not yet mastered, using a language not peculiar to himself and profoundly resonant of English literature, the American writer has tried to discover his own identity. He has tried to define the Americanness of American art, that 'alien quality' which, according to D. H. Lawrence, 'belongs to the American continent and to nowhere else'. His main instrument in this crucial and difficult attempt has been the encounter with Europe. Europe is the glass in which the American artist has tried to find a clear image of his own countenance. Only by exposing himself to the temptations of exile and betrayal has he been able to determine what there is in his own achievement that is really American.

If a certain group of patriotic hotheads had had its way, the whole question might have been resolved as early as 1774. There were those at that time who wanted to abolish the very concept of English literature. The new world must create art in its own revolutionary image. Let Americans compose, read, and teach nothing but American literature. But how could there be American literature in a language which Chaucer, Milton, and Shakespeare had so inevitably associated with the temper and history of England? Noah Webster asked whether it might not be better to make a fresh start: should the poets of the new world adopt the language of the Huron or the Iroquois? Of course, they never did. But the history of the American language is a real one. We do not need H. L. Mencken's dictionary to tell us that the language of *Huckleberry Finn*, of Faulkner's *As I Lay Dying*, or of Carl Sandburg's poetry is something new, something in part autonomous and markedly different from the dominant tradition of English literary speech. A hundred years from now, I dare say, anyone concerned with the Americanness of American literature will have to say a good deal about the American language.

But at present we are too near the fact of innovation. It is not in points of linguistic usage that lies the true parting of the ways between American and English literature. It lies in a profound difference in *Weltanschauung* (that distressingly inevitable German word which we translate so awkwardly by 'world-view'). American literature is American because it has created a particular image of the human condition, because it has evoked and used characteristic myths and type-situations; the 'feel' and atmosphere of the American classics of the nineteenth century is comparable only to that of Russian fiction. It is divided by more than ocean from the qualities that characterize the great tradition of the English novel. Fenimore Cooper's vision of the unconquered forest finds its precise counterpart in Lermontov or Tolstoy's tales of the Caucasus. Dostoevsky remarked on the affinities between his own image of life and that of Edgar Allan Poe. But neither Cooper nor Poe would make sense in an English setting. Their Americanness is not a myth of literary criticism; it is real and decisive.

Inhumanity of the Natural Setting

First, there is the vastness and inhumanity of the natural setting. The American Adam starting out to master his Garden of Eden at times assumes gigantic dimensions. Cooper's Leather-Stocking is something more than man. He is an earth-spirit, hunting in the wilderness with uncanny skill, marking a road for the westward pioneers. When we take leave of him on the prairies, he stands against the western sun like some colossal embodiment of energy and historical progress. The prairies them-

selves are something entirely new in the landscapes of literature. William Cullen Bryant wrote in 1834:

These are the gardens of the Desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The Prairies.

Nor had the speech of England a name for the fierce yet serene emptiness of the Mohave and New Mexico through which Willa Cather's archbishop moves like a speck of black dust. For often, in American literature, man is dwarfed by his immense surroundings. He is dwarfed by the archaic terrors of the ice-sea in Poe's *Narrative of Gordon Pym* and by what Faulkner calls quite simply 'the big wood'. The continent is too large for man to survey or possess. And when the elements break loose they do so with a kind of final malignity. There are dread storms in English drama and fiction. But after the time of *Lear*, we hardly suppose that they will overwhelm man or destroy his firm-rooted communities. Remember the tempest in *David Copperfield*: lives are imperilled and lost out at sea. But on the jetty, in the immediate foreground, stand reassuring groups of human figures. Round them are ancient, solid houses. Everything in sight bears the mark of established possession. Windows may be broken and fishing-barques engulfed, but the survival of the city and of its way of life is not at stake.

In the American setting, on the contrary, men establish precarious beach-heads in climates which are not yet ready for them or in landscapes none of whose ragged edges have been rounded by time. Tornadoes actually eradicate the communities in their path, and when the Mississippi goes on the rampage, as in Faulkner's *The Wild Palms*, it carries with it the uncertain fabric of social, moral, and economic life. At the close of *Moby Dick*, the 'Pequod', itself a deliberate miniature of the human race, goes down and only one man survives.

Wary Guests in a New World

In short, the characteristic personages of American literature move in their new world like wary guests. Their deed of ownership derives from individual courage or understanding of the elemental forces, not from right of ancient possession. This gives to the American vision of physical nature at once a peculiar ferocity and a rare innocence. The horizon is open to the wilderness. Personal tragedy and social failure are not finally destructive so long as a man can move on, westward to the Pacific or into the Grand Nord. There landscape acquires a colouring, and narrative a tone, for neither of which English literature has any real equivalent.

'They went across divides in summer blizzards', writes Jack London, 'shivered under the midnight sun . . . and in the shadows of glaciers picked strawberries and flowers as ripe and fair as any the Southland could boast. In the fall of the year they penetrated a weird lake country, sad and silent, where wildfowl had been, but where there was no life nor sign of life'. I can think of only two novelists in the English tradition who strike a comparable note: Joseph Conrad, an Englishman by adoption, and Emily Brontë, that New England lady accidentally left behind in Yorkshire.

Through the landscape of American literature runs a constant, and indeed obsessive, strain of personal violence. If American art has, so far, produced one ritual or allegory completely its own but universally recognized, it is that of the gun-duel. On a hurriedly emptied street at sundown, two men advance inexorably toward each other. Each has his hands poised above his holsters. They will shoot it out between them in an ever repeated, yet always significant, rite of murder and expiation. The first *locus classicus* of American literature is Owen Wister's 'When you call me that, smile'.

Nor is it an accident that the modern detective story should have received its earliest impetus on American soil. In a new society, personal justice is frequently the law of survival. The Private Eye, with his whisky glass in one hand and his gun in the other is outside the law no less than the criminal whom he tracks down. But the law simply does not reach very far. In the asphalt jungle of the American city many things, both good and bad, are outside it. Personal conflicts, racial antagonisms,

economic rivalries are raw and explosive. The community is vulnerable to sudden gusts of hysteria or blood-hatred. Sometimes, as in *The Ox-Bow Incident*, personal justice ends in hideous error. But elsewhere it anticipates or replaces the slow working of law with appropriate equity. Once he had been shot down by a personal foe, not *All the King's Men* could put Huey Long together again.

Fascinated by Violence

It has often been remarked that there is a close link between the great mass of American pulp literature and the subject matter of the American classics. That link is the fascination of violence. In the stories of Poe it takes the form of detection and of gothic horror. It lies close to the highly wrought surface of Hawthorne's art. A masterpiece such as *My Kinsman, Major Molineux*, depends precisely on the element of brutality and mob action always latent in the American scene. In Hemingway, violence has become the principal code of behaviour. His whole vision of human affairs is concentrated in that shabby little eating place into which walk *The Killers*. On one level they are cheap and trivial gangsters doing a dirty job. But on another, they are the murdering furies, and Hemingway suggests, in that little parable of death, that their action is both peculiarly American and yet, at the same time, more ancient and universal.

In Faulkner's *Sanctuary* the theme of violence builds a bridge between trash and real art. By sheer intensity of tone the lurid action is given a kind of Jacobean grandeur. Violence is so pervasive as to become almost allegoric. It is normal life that appears artificial. *Sanctuary* brings to a climax the long history of the American Gothic. Here, as in previous classics of the genre, the wild complexities of the plot, the surface of violence, express a characteristic sense of inner chaos. Somehow, in man the centre does hold. Blackness and anarchy are loosed upon the spirit. In European literatures, gothicism is also widespread. But Poe, Hawthorne, and Faulkner have given to it a unique depth. They have seen through the conventions and artifice of horror to some truth that is distinctly American. Accused of plagiarizing German models, Poe justly answered: 'The terror of which I write is not of Germany but of the soul'.

The dominion of violence over the imagination of so many American writers, moreover, must be related to something which is, as yet, little understood by either critics or historians of literature. It is the shadow which the Civil War has cast over the American sensibility. Writing well after the event, Stephen Crane said that those who had experienced the war 'had been to touch the great death'. But that great death was felt far beyond the fields of battle. The premonition of its coming probably darkened the world view of Poe. A number of his tales speculate harrowingly on the chance of a slave rising, and throughout his writings black and white are brought into symbolic juxtaposition.

Avoidance of the 'Great Death'

Most of the major writers in fact avoided the great death. But their very retreat from it left a strong mark on their lives or creative powers. We do not really know what brought on the failure of imagination in Hawthorne's later years. When the war broke out he returned to America, but was unable to complete any of the three or four novels in hand. He died in the company of a close friend and ex-President of the United States whose weak policies had contributed toward the inevitability of disaster. Melville's failure to come to artistic or spiritual terms with the Civil War poses a real puzzle. He wrote war poems, but nothing in them reflects his genius. Only in Walt Whitman, who actually worked on the rim of battle, did the Civil War find poetic realization. For most thinking Americans the catastrophe was too great. Some spent the rest of their intellectual lives trying to make sense of what had come to pass. Watching events from the American Legation in London, young Henry Adams grasped something of their tragic scope. But they attained a complete echo only much later, in his death-haunted view of human history.

In no great writer did the Civil War produce a more complex or lingering effect than in Henry James. The 'obscure hurt' that had prevented him from joining his closest companions in battle, influenced his image of himself and his consciousness of his own

nervous powers in some mysterious yet decisive way. Several of James's ghostly tales—*Owen Wingrave*, for example—are in fact war stories, none the less terrifying for dealing with characters who had actually no experience of war.

There are those, moreover, who would be prepared to say that the Civil War is not yet over. The sense of tragic continuity between the military events of the eighteen-sixties and the racial crisis of the contemporary South, pervades the poetry of Allen Tate and Robert Penn Warren and the entirety of Faulkner's work. Faulkner sees in the Civil War and in its modern aftermath the cruel expiation through which the South may absolve itself of the original sin of slavery.

In striking contrast, the classics of European fiction were conceived during the long peace that extends from the distant booming of the guns in *Vanity Fair* to the coming of the zeppelins over Paris in the twilight of the Proustian world. To the European novelist, society seemed safe from final chaos. When Flaubert deals with war, he goes back to ancient Carthage. His battles are fought in museums. Only Joseph Conrad in his political novels and Henry James in *The Princess Casamassima* envisioned the potential irruption of revolutionary violence into the stable fabric of the mid-nineteenth century world. But neither Conrad nor James was native to the European background.—*Third Programme*
A second talk on 'Achievement and Cost in American Literature' will be published later.

Canada's Attitude to Britain

(continued from page 84)

has sometimes been called 'the break-up of the diplomatic unity of the Empire and Commonwealth'. This was to become a free association of states, in full control of their own home and foreign affairs, who agreed to consult together and to work together whenever this proved possible.

Britain had formally agreed to this and yet I can remember in the nineteen-thirties, when I was at high school and university in Canada, that many younger Canadians with nationalist sympathies were still intensely suspicious that Britain secretly intended to try to dominate Canadian foreign policy. It took the second world war to lay these fears to rest. Canada did not accept the British declaration of war as automatically binding on herself. She waited until her own Parliament had assembled and endorsed the declaration of war, an event that occurred one week after the British declaration. And, incidentally, the procedure on this occasion was more important than sometimes is realized here in Britain; it proved, along with Eire's neutrality, that no member of the Commonwealth was necessarily tied to Britain's chariot. Canada had got the kind of Commonwealth she wanted and this was the sort of Commonwealth within which the newly independent post-war nations such as India were prepared to remain.

It is my strong impression that membership in the Commonwealth is now more widely approved in Canada than ever before in her modern history. Canada certainly assumes greater importance in the eyes of the United States because of her membership in the Commonwealth. And Canadians unquestionably value the links which the Commonwealth provides with the newly emergent nations of Africa and Asia. One of the earliest actions of Canada's recently elected Prime Minister, John Diefenbaker, was to tour the Commonwealth; and his Government, which holds four-fifths of the seats in the House of Commons, has repeatedly insisted on its eagerness to encourage Commonwealth trade. There has been warm enthusiasm in Canada for recent British efforts to break the deadlock between east and west. On recent visits to Canada I have heard many discussions of the dangers of American domination of Canadian life; I have never once heard a similar reference to Britain. One hears only two sorts of remarks that could be classified as vaguely 'anti-British'. It is sometimes alleged that the British have been slow and unimaginative in selling their products in Canada. And it is also insisted that some British immigrants arrive in Canada expecting to find the streets paved with gold and then go home in bitter disillusionment. But whatever the truth of these two remarks, they hardly suggest to me that Anglo-Canadian relations are in a bad way.

—Broadcasts for Schools (Home Service)

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

July 8-14

Wednesday, July 8

Both sides in the main printing dispute say that they will agree to an independent chairman being invited to help in obtaining a resumption of negotiations

The United States Government decides to move its fighter-bomber squadrons based in France to Western Germany and the United Kingdom

Thursday, July 9

The Transport and General Workers' Union at their annual conference reject by a big majority the Labour Party's new policy on nuclear weapons

The Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions decides to put in an immediate claim for a 'substantial' increase in pay and shorter hours

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on board the royal yacht 'Britannia' arrive at Port Arthur after a 2,000-miles voyage up the St. Lawrence Seaway

Storms break the spell of hot weather in southern England

Friday, July 10

Representatives of the employers and unions in the printing dispute meet at Ministry of Labour. The London newspaper owners say that arrangements for pooling ink supplies will enable the national newspapers to continue publication for 'the time being'

At the conference in Geneva on banning nuclear tests Western scientific experts confirm that a system of satellites could be used to detect high-altitude explosions

Saturday, July 11

Mr. Gaitskell comments in a speech at Workington on the decision by the Transport and General Workers' Union not to support the Labour Party's policy about nuclear weapons

Lord Birkett agrees to act as an independent chairman in negotiations between both sides in the printing dispute

Britain loses to Spain in the semi-finals of the Davis Cup in Barcelona

Sunday, July 12

The Foreign Ministers assemble in Geneva for the resumption of their conference

Monday, July 13

The Geneva Conference is resumed after an adjournment of three weeks

Mr. N. Kishi, Prime Minister of Japan, arrives in London for talks with members of the Government

A London detective-sergeant is shot dead by a gunman in South Kensington

Tuesday, July 14

The council of the Newspaper Proprietors Association meets to discuss the ink situation

President de Gaulle takes the salute for Bastille Day in Paris

Grock, the clown, dies in Italy aged seventy-nine



Two Austrian competitors in the International Eisteddfod in Llangollen, North Wales, last week

Left: The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh speaking to a Canadian Red Indian. They visited Parry Sound, Lake Huron, last week. The royal visitors, now in Columbia, fly north to Yukon on July 15



The Duchess of Kent, accompanied by Sir Harold Gillett, the Lord Mayor of London, driving along the first section of the City of London's new road which Her Royal Highness opened at a ceremony near St. Paul's on July 13. The road will eventually link Aldgate and Ludgate Circus. The first section is 600 yards long with underground parking for about 250 cars



Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother being shown round a garden in Kensal Rise, north-west London, on July 8. The garden was one of several in the Willesden area commended by the London Gardens Society, which Her Majesty visited



Lord Birkett, who last week agreed to act as an independent chairman in the printing dispute, as he appeared recently in the B.B.C. television programme 'Face to Face'. The two sides met for the first time under his guidance on July 14. Lord Birkett is a former Lord Justice of Appeal



Middlesex batting against Hampshire at the Hornsey cricket club ground last week. It was the first time for over eighty years that Middlesex had played on any ground in their own county other than Lord's. Hampshire won by two wickets. In the background is Alexandra Palace



Left: Vitality (with her foal) the winner of the polo and riding pony mare class in the Royal Agricultural Show held last week at Oxford

Broadcasting the Christian Faith

By Canon ROY McKAY, Head of Religious Broadcasting, B.B.C.

IN its attitude to Christianity the population of this country can be roughly divided into three groups. First, there are those who profess themselves Christians and are actively associated with the life of the Church. Second, there are those who feel some attachment to Christianity, occasionally attend a place of worship, and are interested in religious ideas, but have considerable hesitations about many Christian beliefs or practices. Third, there are those who are indifferent to Christianity, are largely ignorant of what it is about, and only enter a church building for baptisms, marriages, and funerals. I have excluded those minority groups who are adherents of one of the non-Christian religions, and those who are actively opposed to Christianity.

There is, of course, no hard-and-fast line between the three groups I have mentioned; they shade off into one another. Neither are they socially homogeneous: each contains people of widely different social and cultural background and outlook. Nevertheless, they are sufficiently distinct in their attitude to Christianity to warrant my classification.

For brevity's sake I shall call these three groups the Believers, the Interested, and the Indifferent, and it is against this background I want to consider religious broadcasting.

Not an End in Itself

It has long been recognized by those engaged in it that religious broadcasting is not an end in itself. It is the attempt to use the techniques of radio and television to support and extend the witness of the Churches to the Christian life and faith. In this it has two aims. One is to strengthen and widen the faith of Believers; the other is to reach the Interested and the Indifferent.

The first of these aims is illustrated by broadcasts of services from a church and by acts of worship from the studio. The Sunday morning services in the Home Service and on Television, the 'Daily Service', 'Lighten our Darkness' (Saturday evenings), and the Home Service Epilogue are examples of this kind of programme. The greater part of the audience are Believers. Many are those who, because of old age, sickness, or family responsibilities, are cut off from active participation in the life of their local church. The audience includes some of the Interested, but they form a small proportion of the whole. The 'People's Service' and 'Sunday Half-Hour' fall into rather a different class. These, too, are broadcast from a church, but in both content and presentation they are aimed at the Interested. Both have large audiences which include a considerable proportion of this group as well as of Believers. Whether they outnumber the Believers is an open question. Do these programmes also attract the Indifferent? It is impossible to give a definite answer. My opinion is that they probably succeed in doing this to a limited extent, but that a large majority of the Indifferent are not reached by either programme.

Broadcast acts of worship from a church or studio are a proper part of religious broadcasting because they support the faith of Believers and, to some extent, particularly in the case of the more popular programmes, make contact with the Interested. There are one or two general points about this type of programme which are worth mentioning. The first concerns the denominational issue. The B.B.C. has for a long time been guided in this respect by what is called the 'main stream' policy. Under this, the Religious Broadcasting Department is responsible for broadcasting acts of worship of those Churches which are within the main stream of historic Christianity in this country. The policy also allows an occasional broadcast of an act of worship to a limited number of minority churches, which are both significant minorities in this country and are also sufficiently close to the main stream traditions.

A Sad Obsession

There are church people in all the traditions who are obsessed with denominational issues. This sad obsession is reflected in a small but vocal part of the audience for religious broadcasts. No one will deny the need for a denominational loyalty for the Christian believer, but it is not the main purpose of religious broadcasting to foster it. Religious broadcasting is concerned to present the great central themes of the Christian Faith which are shared by all the main traditions. To allow it to become a denominational enterprise would be a retrograde step. If this is true, as it is, of broadcasts mainly intended for Believers, it is even more important in regard to broadcasts intended for the Interested or the Indifferent. Faced with denominational questions these groups, if they understand them at all, will echo Gallio's words to the Jews at Corinth, when Paul refused to tow the denominational line:

If indeed it were a matter of wrong or wicked villainy . . . reason would that I should bear with you: but if they are questions about words and names and your own law, look to it yourselves; I am not minded to be a judge of these matters.

On the other hand, it is encouraging to find that in some cases Believers in one tradition have found their experience enriched by hearing or watching services of a different tradition. In this way broadcasting plays a small part in the cause of church unity.

The second general point about broadcast acts of worship is the limits which the media themselves set to the religious value of such programmes. Listening to or watching a broadcast service clearly means some loss of involvement in comparison with being actually present in church. I am not suggesting that all worshippers in a church are actively involved, or that all listeners or watchers are passive spectators. Clearly the church-goer may only be day-dreaming and the listener or viewer may be rapt in attention. But, leaving out this personal equation, it is less easy to be fully involved

sitting by the set or the screen than if one is actually present in church. The truth of this may be obvious, but it is in some danger of being forgotten. I doubt if those who want more televised church services have really thought the matter out. There are some who claim that a televised service has in itself an evangelistic appeal to the Interested and the Indifferent. In my view, this is only true in the case of those who at one time in their lives have been familiar with the tradition of worship and have lapsed from church membership. In general, I would say the nearer anyone is to the tradition of worship, the greater is the potential religious value of broadcasts from a church. And conversely, the further off anyone is from such a tradition the less are these broadcasts likely to be the means of communicating any genuine Christian experience. If the looker-in can only be a looker-on it would be better he did not watch.

I turn now to three programmes of a different kind: 'Lift Up Your Hearts', 'The Way of Life', and 'Meeting Point'. These differ very much from one another, but they all face the problem of trying to reach the Interested and the Indifferent, and these groups are more definitely in mind in their planning than are the Believers. No doubt Believers form a large part of the audience for these programmes. Indeed, I feel sure they outnumber both the other groups put together. Nevertheless there is good evidence that the number of the Interested among the audience is substantial. As for the Indifferent, the same applies here as in the case of the 'People's Service' to which I have already referred. From time to time, and to a limited extent, these programmes probably do reach some in this group. I would put it no higher than that, and no lower.

'Lift Up Your Hearts'

'Lift Up Your Hearts' is probably the most well known of all religious programmes. There are several points of general interest about it. First, it is always done 'live'. The reason for this is that we believe doing it 'live' gives a quality and integrity to the programme which it would not have if the talk had been previously recorded. This applies particularly to what happens at the transmitting end. The knowledge that the audience is hearing him at the moment when the speaker is talking quickens his awareness, and gives him a sensitivity about what he is doing which is difficult to describe, and harder still to analyse, but is a very real experience to those who do the programme. I feel sure that this quickened awareness makes itself felt at the listening end. I do not say that this holds true of all broadcasting: it may not be so in programmes of a different kind. But in religious broadcasts like 'Lift Up Your Hearts' the overtones and undertones are often as significant as what is actually said. 'The Spirit bloweth where it listeth and thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth'.

Recently, in response to the requests of many listeners, who wanted to hear it, but could not because they leave home too early, the programme is now recorded off transmission, and repeated the following day at 6.50 a.m. This does not infringe the principle I have stated so long as the original programme is done 'live'.

Experience shows that speakers in 'Lift Up Your Hearts' who are highly valued by one part of the audience are very much disliked by another part, and this is true of the many different kinds of speakers who do the programme. Here, as elsewhere, one man's meat is another man's poison. The brief is not an easy one. Sermonettes are no good and heartiness is worse. Neither go with the hour and the mood. Guidance without moralizing, truth without dogmatizing, comfort without cushioning, humanity without back-slapping—that is the kind of formula. This is what the Interested will listen to. They are difficult combinations and it is surprising how often speakers succeed. In a talk in a recent series, Mrs. Mary Stocks drew a vivid sketch of Jezebel and ended with this sentence: 'She had dignity, but without righteousness dignity is not enough'. That sentence, both in what it says and in what it leaves unsaid, hits just the right note for 'Lift Up Your Hearts'.

'The Way of Life' (Home Service, Sundays, 7.45 p.m.) is the overall title for a series of programmes of different types. It includes documentaries, discussion, biblical exposition, drama, and biography. All are intended to reach those amongst the Believers and the Interested, who want to see how the Christian faith is relevant to the contemporary situation. This means addressing ourselves to those religious, social, and ethical problems which are talking points among thinking people. Many of these people are not going to listen to a broadcast service. Before the advent of this series, religious broadcasting in sound on a Sunday was confined to services. There are still three of them.

It would show a deadly lack of imagination if we could not, in at least one chief programme on a Sunday, abandon the pattern of good, but ordinary, religious services, to do programmes which use the techniques of the medium creatively, to expound the Christian faith. I sympathize with those of an older generation who only want to hear a church service every Sunday evening. But there are other opportunities for doing this, and often, when the purpose of the programme is explained, these people accept the change with a good will.

The last programme I shall mention is 'Meeting Point' (Television: Sundays, 7.0 p.m.) The audience for this averages about 1,800,000. This is equivalent to 6,000 churches with a congregation of 300 each. Or, to put it another way, if every Anglican church in fifteen Dioceses each had an evening congregation of 300, the total would equal the audience for 'Meeting Point'. This is a programme in which we aim to reach the Interested, knowing that the audience will include many Believers and hoping it will sometimes attract the Indifferent. The title summarizes its intention. We try to find people, events, situations, ideas, and problems, which are potential meeting points between Christianity and the contemporary world. The programmes vary considerably both in content and form, though some types appear at more or less regular intervals. I think this variety is a good thing, and prevents the programme getting into a rut or becoming narrowly 'religious'.

There are, of course, other religious programmes both in sound and television, but those I have mentioned are sufficient to illustrate the aims of religious broadcasting and the principles involved. How far is it successful in these aims?

There is no doubt that it renders a real service to Believers. There is ample evidence of this. I think that it also does much for the Interested, and this, in my opinion, is its most valuable and important work. I fear that it makes little

impact on the Indifferent. In this its position is the same as that of the Churches it serves. The gulf between the Churches and the vast number of those who are indifferent to the Christian faith is the major problem of Christian evangelism, not only in this country but in every country which has its roots in the Christian tradition. At first sight it might be thought that radio and television provide the means of bridging this gulf and winning the indifferent masses to the Christian faith. There are some who believe this to be possible. In my opinion, they are deluding themselves. The Christian Gospel and the life of the Church have an autonomy of their own which sets a limit to the ways in which they can be communicated. Both are in essence personal, and involve those who accept them in personal encounter with God and their fellow men. Every religious broadcast involves some loss of this autonomy. There cannot be a fully personal meeting between a man and someone on his radio set or his television screen. There can only be the semblance of it. We ought not to allow the tremendous power of the media to obscure this simple but fundamental truth. The gulf between the Churches and the Indifferent cannot be bridged by any use of them that ignores the limits which Christianity itself sets to the ways in which men may be won for its truth. 'If they believe not Moses and the prophets neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead'.

It is wise to take note of the valuable information which audience research figures give us about the success and failure of our programmes. But it is also wise to remember that success or failure in religious broadcasting cannot finally be measured in these terms, but only in terms which are not accessible to any system of audience research. Broadcasting has its part to play in the contemporary religious situation. It would be foolish to exaggerate its opportunities, it would be wrong to minimize or neglect them.

The Bath Tub

A short story by DONALD WINDHAM

I.

FROM floor to ceiling, the spring air is fogged with steam. I am sitting at the back of the tub, my legs spread and one of my feet touching the white porcelain curves at each side of my brother's buttocks. He is sitting in the middle of the tub, directly in front of me. Somewhere in the water the soap, which has sunk, is melting and filling the small bathroom with an ocean-like fragrance; and my brother and I, by moving our bodies back and forth, are creating a tide and a slapping of waves. Near me my wash cloth rolls to the surface like a sea-monster or a diving whale, then rolls down out of sight again. I stop for a moment to see if it will reappear and a wave, breaking against my body, sweeps over the back of the tub and hits the wooden floor with a wet splash.

The bathrooms are on the second floor, with

white marble sinks and enormous mahogany-framed mirrors hanging above the sinks; but the hot water tank downstairs supplies only enough water for the ordinary uses of the kitchen; pots and kettles of water have to be heated on the stove and carried up the long flight of stairs to the bathrooms on Saturdays when everyone bathes; and every Saturday, to lessen this task, my brother and I take a bath together.

I like my brother and I like doing things together with him. Most of my joy in this game of making a sea out of the bath water lies in the fact that it is his game and he is allowing me to join in it. My complete fondness for him is the earliest thing I can remember. When I was just beginning to walk and talk, I used to break in half any cracker or cookie which was given me and wander about the house searching for him and chanting:

'Give half to Freddie, give half to Freddie'.
If I did not find him I would not give up. I

would keep the half which was to be his and sing:

'Save 'til tomorrow, save 'til tomorrow'.

Now that I am seven and he is nine there is no greater joy for me than that of joining my existence to his in experiences such as this one in the bath tub together. I am delighted for him to take charge and give me orders so long as the orders make me a part of his activity. He began playing by floating a brush in the water, creating a current around the sides of the tub and sailing the brush on it. He paddled forward with his left hand and backward with his right and directed me to do the same, keeping away from the back of the tub so the brush could sail completely around me and up to him again.

After that, holding on to the sides of the claw-footed tub and moving his body back and forth, he taught me to make waves. Then I stopped to look for the wash cloth, the momentum of the water broke against my body and—splash!

—the wave went over the back of the tub.

Once before, when the two of us were playing some other game, water from the bathroom floor has seeped through and left a brown stain on the ceiling of the dining room below. We have been warned what will happen to us if this occurs again, and we lean over the back of the tub together and begin to sop up the water. But this does not work very well, especially as the sweat from the steamed walls begins to run with frightening rapidity down onto the floor from the places where we are resting our hands against the plaster. And then we hear our mother coming up the stairs.

Mother is a gentle woman to whom innocence is the supreme virtue. The gaps in the possibility of her successfully raising two sons, without the presence of a father to assert authority and distance, has not yet been made apparent to her. She has a simple vision of reality: everything which is evil she considers to be fiendishly unreal. But she has an overwhelming belief in goodness as well as a love of it, stronger than her frequent disillusionments; and the strength of that love and belief gave me, while I was still young, a solid basis for character which, despite the ellipses which were to come later, nothing has been able to destroy.

She opens the door expecting to find us bathing, and stands there looking down at her two sons leaning over the back of the tub dabbling with wash cloths in the dirty water on the floor. We explain that the water sloshed over by chance and that we have gotten most of it up, and then we wait to see what will happen.

Mother has blue eyes and a round face. Sternness is for her a pursing of the lips. And yet we have been warned. The pause comes to an end when I raise my wash cloth and ring the dirty water out of it into the tub. She takes the cloth from me and washes it and my brother's in the sink. Then she brings a used towel with which to dry the floor and tells us to rinse ourselves with cold water and get out of the tub, quickly, before she loses her temper.

We know that we are saved; but we are to go to the movies in the afternoon and the possibility remains that what we have done will be remembered when the time comes for our departure and we will be kept at home. This would be a tragedy. We go to the movies every Saturday. Besides the Western feature we see a chapter in a serial, and if you miss a chapter you have no idea what has gone on when you see the next one. We go downstairs quickly, our towels wrapped around us rather than our bathrobes; for it is not really cold, and dress in our bedroom. Then we stand around uncomfortably in odd corners of the living room and dining room, keeping very clean and afraid that anything we do may be an excuse to prevent us from being sent off with our fifteen cents each.

And the thing we most long for happens—nothing. Life follows its regular routine. As on every Saturday we have vegetable soup for lunch. After lunch we are sent out each with our dime for the movie and our extra nickel for a candy bar. We return home after having seen only a little bit of the movie a second time, determined not to give displeasure by being late. We eat supper and are sent to bed.

In bed we feel for each other that wonderful friendliness which comes from having been engaged together in a successful adventure. I watch my brother with short smiles. He returns

me one. Barricaded by our pillows and the covers, we whisper about the movie we have seen. It told, with many scenes of galloping horses, the story of a friend's great sacrifice for his partner. My brother is filled with a longing for adventure. But I am content.

II.

It is summer, warm weather; the blinds of the bathroom window are folded back into the casements, the window is open; but it is still necessary to heat water if we are to be clean after we bathe, and my brother and I are again in the tub together. I am sitting in the back as before and my brother is in front of me, but he is acting exactly as though he is bathing alone. There are no games, no conversation. And when I want the soap which is in the rack hung over the porcelain rim of the tub in front of him he will neither hand it to me nor allow me to reach over him and take it. He has asked to be allowed to bathe alone; mother has refused his request; and he has decided to assert his will by pretending that I am not there. But I will not let him. I do not see why I should sit at the back of the tub, unable to wash, and wait until he has finished bathing, especially as when he wants to rinse himself he runs cold water into the tub, considerably increasing the rapidity with which the water in which we are sitting is losing its heat. I persist in trying to reach over the barrier of the arm which he has raised to prevent me from taking the soap. His only further defence of his privacy is to hit me.

For quite a while now my presence has been an annoyance to him. In the afternoons after school, where we both go although I am two grades behind him, a group of boys from his class gathers at our house to play ball in the side yard which runs down to the back street. Because of my age I am a less good player than the others, and my brother defends himself against the drawback of being associated with me by treating me with open contempt before the others have a chance to. There is no reason for him to put himself out to keep an admiration which he already has, and there is no end to the admiration he wants to win in the unconquered world in which he is beginning to live.

This desire has already caused him to join the Boy Scouts of America and to win merit badge after merit badge. For a while my mother wanted me to join, too; and he was perfectly willing that I should become a boy scout. It would do me a world of good, there was no doubt of that, in his opinion. But he was uneasy the Friday night he was first to take me to a meeting. I was pleased to go; but I knew most of the boys who were members, by sight at least; the club house was only a block from the school where I went every day; and it did not seem to me that I was entering a wholly new world where I would be judged for the first time. But it did to my brother, and that the judgment would reflect on him. He made so many objections that evening to the way I was to be dressed, how my hair was to be combed, and how I was in general to be forced *not* to look peculiar (I looked just as I did on any other occasion when I was clean and my hair was wet and flat) that I saw for the first time how contemptible I was in his eyes, not for anything I did or for any skill I lacked, but for the very fact of my existence as what I was, his brother two years younger than he, of whom he

was contemptuous. The hurt that evening turned back into myself any desire I might have had to become a scout (just as those earlier rejections on the ball field curtailed any proficiency I might have developed in pitching, catching, or batting) and began a distance between us which was to become even greater than that for which he hoped.

But on this day, while we are in the tub together, it is impossible for him to find any justification for the intimacy which is forced on him. His only defence is in pretending to be alone, and when I insist on reaching over him for the soap he strikes me as hard as he can. I strike back. But the match is not at all even. In none of these encounters have I ever won, and it is not long before I am shedding tears and calling for help.

This is a difficult period for mother; she still believes in innocence; and when she arrives in the bathroom she does not know what to do. Circumstances are beginning to prove that her devoting her whole life to her children does nothing to fill the gaps in her authority and in our characters. We return sufficient love to her. Perhaps even too much. But this only increases her helplessness. She cannot control us without violence. And in a feminine world violence is always hysterical.

'All right', she says, 'this is the last time! I've warned you enough! Finish bathing and dry yourselves and wait for me here!'

After she has gone my brother's eyes blaze with hatred. His cheek at the corner of his nose lifts in a sneer which says more eloquently than any words how much he loathes me. I am a snivelling little crybaby, and if only I had not been there he would have been happy. Now there is going to be trouble and I am to blame.

I stand with my eyes on the floor, unable to look at the sneer which makes his face hideous. I, too, feel that everything would have been all right if only he had behaved differently, if he at least had been fair enough to let me use the soap even though he would not speak to me; I mutter that it is not my fault, that it is his fault. He does not deign to answer.

Mother returns, in her hand a switch made from a branch she has broken from one of the small peach trees in the yard. My brother is first. Blindly, as though she is achieving some kind of oblivion through her action, she switches his legs below the knees, demanding with each blow that he promise this is the last time this will ever happen. After his weeping promise, my turn comes. The blows of the switch burn like fire. I weep and promise, too. But my tears are less full than my brother's. I have already felt the depth of my grief.

When she sees the raw red welts which she has raised in strips on the back of our calves, mother kneels between us and, there in the bathroom, wraps her arms about my brother and me and bursts into tears, as hurt as we are by what she has done. Her heart fills with remorse; she begs us to love one another. And we say that we will. But there is neither remorse nor love in my brother's eyes.

III.

My brother and I are standing naked beside a white porcelain tub into which steaming hot water is running from the metal faucet at the end. We are both adolescent. His hair is still straight, the way a young boy's hair is straight;

mine is beginning to have a curl in it. The tile-floored bathroom, much smaller than the old one, is at the end of the hall in the apartment into which we have moved, and to one side of it is the bedroom in which we have left our clothes. Mother is at work in the office where she has taken a job. It is after school. I had come home and turned on the water in the tub and was undressing when my brother came in and began to get ready for a bath. For a reason it does not interest me to discover, he chooses to ignore the fact that I am doing the same thing.

'You can see that I'm using the bathroom', I say.

'You can use it later', he answers.

'You can, too'.

'But I'm not going to. Go on, get out of here'.

'Try and make me'.

'I will'.

Toward me, my brother has become a habitual bully. He gives me a shove toward the door.

I hit him. He hits back. This could be one more of the many fights we have had through the years which all end the same. But it is not. The resentment which has been slowly accumulating in me has convinced me for a long time now that he is not going to treat me considerably unless I force him to. This conviction is an extreme one for me. I do not like to force things. I value most what I am given, and value it precisely because it is given. And what I want from my brother can only be given. But it is not going to be given, and I have reached the point where I am willing to give up hope of friendliness and allow myself to hate him with the hate which is necessary if I am going to fight him with the determination to win. I have been willing to do this for some time; but for anything to come of my willingness it has been necessary for me to have a little of that ingredient without which no one wins in a contest with someone stronger: luck.

And this time I have it. I strike back with all the strength my hate can give me. My blow

lands on my brother's chin with a clear, clean crack, like the crack of a branch being broken sharply in two. He loses his balance and falls to the floor. His head strikes the tile wall of the bathroom. He does not get up.

And when I have left the room and he does get up, he does not continue the fight. The occasion is unique. It is the first time that I am not the one who loses. And it is the last time that he ever tries to bully me or impose his will upon me by force. There is no tapering off. This is the end. It never happens again.

It is not a triumph, however; friendship was what I wanted, and after this occasion I do not try for it any longer. Where there was once something, now there is nothing. Afterwards I will feel more strongly than ever that it is those things which I have had and lost, rather than those things which I have never possessed, that create in me the greatest sense of deprivation. But this does not affect events. From this time on my brother and I have no more to do with each other.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Henry James and the Young Men

Sir,—Mr. Leonard Woolf's interesting recollections (THE LISTENER, July 9) tempt me to trot out some of my own. I met Henry James over fifty years ago, and luckily kept a diary from which I will quote. I was living in Weybridge, he in Rye, and I went to Rye to stay with Sydney Waterlow who—as Mr. Woolf has pointed out—knew James well, and with characteristic generosity wished to share his advantages with his friends. My relatives, like myself, were thrilled by the prospect, and my aunt recalled how she had once met James and told him she had an aunt at Clapham and he had replied, 'I do wish I had an aunt at Clapham'. My mother, who was not always in accord with my aunt, exclaimed, 'Laura! What an affected remark'.

Here is the entry in my diary:

January 24th, 1908. Have been at Rye (16th-21st). Tea with Henry James—less exciting than I expected. Alfred Lyttelton, wife and children swept in. J.'s cousin, American and beautiful, poured out and called him 'Henry' decisively. Her husband (von Glehn) a painter and a strange card. We sat in a detached room—glimpse of fine study as we passed. H.J. very kind. Laid his hand on my shoulder and said: 'Your name's Moore', also that he could see himself living at Weybridge—just what he said about Clapham to Aunt Laura twenty years before. Head rather fat, but fine, and effectively bald. Admired the Queen's letters: 'She is more of a man than I expected'.—Mrs. L.: 'But she underlines her words so'.—H.J.: 'Well she is an underlined man'. He said of Mrs. Eddy: 'She succeeded by saying to herself: "Hitherto things have been done gratis for the poor: I will provide for the rich and charge enormously"'. He was very anxious one should eat and drink. First great man I've ever seen—not alarming but that isn't my road.

The entry concludes with a poem. I will not

quote it, for my road certainly wasn't poetry. It contrasted the secluded world of Lamb House 'where culture unto culture knelt' with the darkness, the social vastness and the human warmth of the world outside.

Waterlow's attempts to introduce his Cambridge friends were not successful. We were not exactly scruffy but we were far from distinguished, and I do not think I ever got disentangled from G. E. Moore in the Master's mind.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

E. M. FORSTER

Light and Shade in Portugal

Sir,—Morals are admittedly of little account in international politics, but after reading Mr. Patrick Smith's talk on 'Light and Shade in Dr. Salazar's Portugal' (THE LISTENER, July 9)—I like the delicacy of the word 'shade'—it seems pertinent to inquire what are Portugal's qualifications for membership of Nato?

Of course we shall be told that the domestic politics of another country are not our concern. Cabinet Ministers used to say this about Hitler's internal activities and criticize those of us who maintained that events would show that they were going to be very much our business and indeed so it was. But at least Hitler was not our ally in the defence of democracy.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1

STEPHEN KING-HALL

The Cotton Industry

Sir,—I read with great interest Mr. J. A. G. Griffith's talk on 'Restrictive Practices in the Cotton Industry' (THE LISTENER, July 9). One point he mentioned at the end of his discussion, however, aroused my curiosity. Apparently he assumes that the judgment delivered by the Restrictive Practices Court on

the Yarn Spinners' minimum-price agreement must set the pattern for future decisions, 'for', he says, 'the general feeling is that if restrictions are not justified in the cotton industry at the present time, it is difficult to see where they could be justified'.

This assumption is quite erroneous. The Court specifically pointed out in its decision on the Yarn Spinners' agreement that it in no way created a precedent for future decisions on other cases presented to it; to use Mr. Justice Devlin's words: 'We do not intend to pass judgment for or against minimum-price schemes in principle either in the cotton industry or any other'.

Admittedly the future for minimum-price schemes in other industries generally looks black but the judgment does not mean that all minimum-price schemes or any other price schemes will be ruled against when brought before the Court. Although the cotton case seemed to present an *a priori* case for the retention of a price scheme in view of the disastrous history of the industry since the first world war it might be questioned whether the domestic consumer should pay higher prices to bolster up an industry which has declined partly through intensive competition from abroad. In any case the scheme of price restriction has by no means provided the industry with untold prosperity since its inception; rather, in fact, the exact opposite.

Finally, it might be argued that the Court is in no way likely to issue adverse decisions on all minimum-price schemes since the Government will be burdened with a moral obligation to assist any industry which might suffer disastrous consequences as a result of having to abandon a scheme. Though of course the cotton industry is an exception it is proving to be an expensive one to the taxpayer.

Yours, etc.,

Manchester, 20

DEREK H. ALDCROFT

Lost Sleep

Sir,—As a mother of three small children, one of whom needs, and has given us, very little sleep over the past eleven months; and who, through illness, has kept us awake for five whole nights since last Sunday, I was very interested in Mr. R. T. Wilkinson's talk on 'The Consequences of Lost Sleep' in *THE LISTENER* of July 9.

I would like to suggest that he has been far too kind to his experimental subjects. To be kept awake for sixty hours doing competitive tasks seems, I might almost say, mere child's play. The fact that his subjects are interested in the experiment and take pride in being efficient under stress is an added item in their favour.

Now that he has discovered that 'in fact the only tests that showed any loss in efficiency were the simple prolonged ones requiring little intellectual effort' I would suggest he give them twelve hours of housework, simple cooking, washing and ironing, all in the company of small children; and for the other twelve hours allow them to fall asleep, but wake them after half an hour every time they do so, until the simple, prolonged tasks are again resumed.

I am sure that after a month or two of this regime that Mr. Wilkinson will note several striking changes in the physical and mental condition of his subjects; and the more acute these changes are, of course the easier they will be to record.

If this letter has a rather irritable tone, please forgive me, and put it down to the consequences of lost sleep.

Yours, etc.,

Oundle BENEDICTA LONDESBOROUGH

Poetry in the Eighteenth Century

Sir,—Mr. J. M. Cohen spoke at length in his talk on William Collins about the 'Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland' (*THE LISTENER*, July 9). His remarks were evolved from this opening statement: 'The middle of the eighteenth century was not a happy time for poetry in any European country'.

The middle of the eighteenth century was perhaps the most brilliant period that the poetry of the Highlands of Scotland has ever enjoyed. The love songs of William Ross, the nature poetry of Duncan Ban Macintyre, the elegies of Rob Donn Mackay, the religious poetry of Dugald Buchanan, the patriotic utterance of Alexander Macdonald, these are some of its jewels. Unconstricted expression had already burst asunder the ancient poetic forms. Religion, both Presbyterian and Catholic, exerted a powerful stimulus. Polite society imposed no pressures because it was busy talking fashionable English.

Somehow an awareness of the Scottish Highlands at this time penetrated the wall of Lowland indifference, to infect the more curious English with Celtic enthusiasm. William Collins's 'Ode' is an early and interesting example of it. The enthusiasm created a market, and James Macpherson captured it with his 'Ossian'. Macpherson was not the only bilingual Highlander steeped in his poetic tradition who was able to pour out literature in either Gaelic or English to suit the public of Collins's 'Ode'. The Gaelic Society of Glasgow has just published in its fifth volume a paper by Mr. Derick Thomson which reminds us that in such

a poetic spate the clear and muddy waters ran in equal torrent.

During an unhappy time for poetry in most European countries a tiny people without cities, printing presses, or universities at its disposal poured out exquisite poetry which no one but themselves could understand. Strangers began to take an interest in them. They were able to inspect the nature of the strangers' interest: they could read the 'Ode' of Collins. But the strangers needed interpreters: and they got James Macpherson. It was unfortunate, though hardly surprising in the circumstances.

Today Macpherson's poetry is forgotten while the great poets of his day have been critically edited, and many of them translated into several languages.

Thy Muse may, like those feathery tribes which spring
From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing

Round the moist marge of each cold Hebridean isle.

Yours, etc.,

Bettyhill

IAN GRIMBLE

Democracy in a Hot Climate

Sir,—As a West African, may I be allowed to point out what strikes me as needing further attention in efforts of Europeans to understand and interpret government and politics on the West Coast? Few observers even attempt more than just to convey a 'travel-book-impression' of the matter—impressions gleaned from roadside conversations with this or that person.

West Africans owe a debt of gratitude to those who, by pointing out failings and causes of failings, indirectly assist in the enormous task of building up the foundations of a modern democratic government in Africa. But, surely, interpretation of the practice of democracy as now established in newly emerged countries—especially if attempted by those whose audience are as wide as Mr. Austen Kark's (*THE LISTENER*, July 2)—ought to be far more penetrating, if only to prevent considerable misinformation.

It is true, as Mr. Kark rightly points out, that one of the problems of government and politics in West Africa, as indeed in the new nations of Asia and Africa, is 'acclimatization of a system of government' nurtured under different conditions in Western Europe. This seems to me to be a covert admission that there is no universal standard of 'democracy'—Westminster or Bonn—although there are, generally, broad principles to be observed if a semblance of democracy is aimed at. The significant thing surely in attempting to convey an idea of government and politics in places like West Africa is not a description of the physical setting of the land and the people. It is an analysis of the forces—economic, spiritual, social, historical, as well as geographical—which determine the course of events.

Mr. Kark's cautious 'optimism' about the future of democracy in West Africa is no less gloomy than that of the 'many critics in Europe and elsewhere' from whom he dissociated himself. After all, his own thesis is that the harsh conditions that determine the ways of life on the West Coast will in time turn the present democratic organizations there into totalitarian one-party states, replacing the old autocracy of paramount chiefs. Critics gloss over the fact, for instance, that the problem of an official opposition in a new, independent territory is mainly that of obsolescent moods, tactics and

organization; the politics of an agitationist movement are bound to become rather out of date as soon as the common object of opposition has withdrawn. And any group with divergent political views soon finds itself struggling against total extinction on the one hand and, on the other, finding new springs of political cohesion.

To appreciate and thus adequately interpret the magnitude of the problems facing nationalists after attainment of independence, one must look at their country not through the spectacles of Montesquieu and those who believe in the theory that climatic and geographical conditions determine the type of government and politics of a people. True enough, the harsh conditions so dramatically sketched (afresh!) by Mr. Kark—'the heat, the humidity, the flies, the ever-present . . . dust and . . . malaria, bilhazia, black-water fever, syphilis, sleeping sickness, leprosy, tuberculosis'—all these will, to a great extent, determine the tone and the priorities of political party manifestos in West Africa. Yet, as the experience in this century in Asia and eastern Europe has shown, politics are not a set of laws of life; they are modes of arrangements to get things done properly. And the men who are now fashioning the instruments of modern government on the West Coast need not be discouraged by suggestions that, after all, they will only succeed in establishing an 'African system of government'.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.4

E. CHIKELUE EKWONU

Forgotten Galleries

Sir,—I must apologize if, in my article on Glasgow Art Gallery, I suggested that the Museum staff had not done its best to bring order out of chaos on the ground floor, but I do think that their task is a very difficult one. As for the work of Mr. Dali, it receives quite enough publicity without my adding to it. I can go no further, therefore, than to say that which holds to my own opinion.

Yours, etc.,

Newcastle upon Tyne

QUENTIN BELL

Sir,—Before I read in Mr. Quentin Bell's article 'Forgotten Galleries' that the 'Christ of St. John of the Cross' by Salvador Dali was an atrociously bad picture, I thought that all persons with some artistic feeling would regard it as one of the few outstanding paintings of our time. Apparently tastes differ to a very great extent, or at least some people try to make one believe this.

I have, in a long life, seen almost every important European art collection, and some galleries in North America, but few pictures have made such a deep impression on me as the Dali in Glasgow. I only regret that I cannot visit it as often as I do my favourites in London.

Yours, etc.,

Beckenham

FRANCIS WEISS

Compulsory Latin

Sir,—The talk reproduced in *THE LISTENER* of June 25, 'Pros and Cons of Compulsory Latin', is well-balanced and interesting, but may I add one or two points?

(i) As a result of actual experience in teaching small boys both Latin and English, I have not

found that 'English itself, properly taught, can be made as useful a discipline in precise thought and expression' as Latin. Latin, with its inflexions, gives the young mind a far better drill in accuracy: really scientific training.

(ii) It is not true that 'a boy or girl proficient at Latin must be both clever and industrious'. Most children of very average intelligence can attain and enjoy (unless put off by press articles!) accuracy in elementary Latin, and the sight of their gradual mastery of the great difficulties involved is a satisfaction to the teacher who wants to help them to attain habits of hard work and exactness at the start of their lives.

(iii) The inflected language should be Latin, not Russian (as someone suggests), because Latin leads very easily to a mastery of Italian and Spanish, and is the main basis of French and an important basis of the English language, and is used, as you say, in innumerable church services all over the world.

(iv) The early scientific training in language (and of course in mathematics) is to my mind far more important than 'going a long way in the classics' later on. It does not seem that 'the strongest arguments for Latin are based on the effect of a fairly thorough study—at least up to "A" level'. As you say, the reading of translations can preserve the cultural level, and the classical inheritance, after Latin in the original is dropped.

(v) A friend of mine, late head of a Cambridge college and a learned physiologist, told me that in his experience many of the best modern scientists were ex-classical scholars, scientifically trained in language but not 'bored by too much "Science" at their public and secondary schools'. This is an interesting point.

(vi) Comments on this last point by experienced teachers at public and secondary

schools would be valuable, but I feel sure that compulsory Latin should be preserved always in the public school entrance examinations and that (despite recent heresies) the language should continue to be taught early at preparatory schools.

Deal

Yours, etc.,

C. L. STOCKS

Sir,—Mr. Gibbs-Smith's letter makes one very interesting point. He argues that it is important to be able to *read* Latin, but not so important to be able to *write* it, that is, to translate from English into Latin. But, as he says, this surely is true of other languages than Latin.

In the course of a varied professional and academic career I have learned to read three modern European languages with fair competence, but I could never have written so much as a simple letter in any of them, and my conversation was nil. Some years ago, during a stay in Germany, I spent the working day in a university library reading German easily and without fatigue, and yet, outside, I did not know enough of the language to ask for a cup of coffee or a bus ticket. It is precisely this kind of ability, admittedly defective, which is nevertheless needed by many scientific workers, by men in academic positions, as well as by ordinary folk who now and then like to read a foreign book or newspaper and who have neither time nor occasion for anything more.

Out of 100 children in our schools who are being taught, say, French, one of them may eventually achieve real fluency in reading, writing and speaking the language, five at some time or other in their lives may spend a fortnight's holiday in France (and stay at English-speaking hotels), but perhaps ten will find a 'one-way' reading knowledge of French useful

and enjoyable. Could not our teachers in school make a little more provision for those ten?

Yours, etc.,

Dorking

FRANK P. CHAMBERS

Sludge and Space Travel

Sir,—As a former chief chemist on a large sewage works, I was very interested in Mr. Magnus Pyke's remarks (*THE LISTENER*, July 2) on the difficulties attending sewage and sludge disposal, with which I am well acquainted. It is my opinion that only radically new dispersal methods stand any chance of solving the problem.

For example, might it not be possible to run sewage wastes into large underground faults, and to devise methods for collecting the gas produced by anaerobic fermentation? Sewage gas, a mixture of methane and carbon dioxide, can have up to twice the calorific value of coal gas. Countries with oil industries might benefit a great deal if they replaced oil recovered from wells with sewage, and collected the gases evolved by the latter. A pool of sewage beneath an oil deposit might also build up enough gas pressure to force oil to the surface in wells which normally require pumping. Hot water has been suggested as a means of extracting oil from tar sands. Sewage, being already warm, might save fuel here, and its high detergent content could aid oil separation.

These are just a few possibilities, and while difficulties might occur in putting such schemes into practice, surely any methods which could well save part of the enormous current cost of sewage disposal are worthy of consideration, particularly if they help to bring clean rivers a little closer.

Yours, etc.,

Manchester

S. McEWEN

Bridge Forum



Responding to One No Trump

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

OPENING BIDS of One No Trump, as we noted last week,

vary from weak (about 13 to 14 points for most players) to strong (about 17 to 18). In general, the theory of responses is not affected by the strength of the opening. That is to say, if a pair plays a simple response in a suit as a sign-off over a weak No Trump, it does the same over a strong No Trump. We can, therefore, examine different methods of responding without relating them to the strength of the opening.

A response of Two Clubs, as we shall note below, is conventional in most modern practice. Simple responses in the other suits are generally, though not always, played as discouraging bids, warning the opener not to continue.

In the Acol system the response is not a complete sign-off. If the No Trump opener is in the maximum range he may raise the suit response.

In some American systems, and in the C.A.B. system, which uses a strong No Trump throughout, these suit responses are forcing. When the responder has a weak unbalanced hand he must either pass or resign himself to playing at the

level of Three. It is clear that on some hands that must be a disadvantageous method.

For more than twenty years tournament players have used an artificial response to One No Trump, with the main intention of asking partner to show a four-card major suit. In the original Acol system the artificial response was Three Clubs, but nowadays Two Clubs is much more common. Although he did not originate the idea, this is generally known as the Stayman Convention, after the American authority, Samuel Stayman.

The responder bids Two Clubs on both weak hands and strong when he wants to hear more about his partner's hand. An obvious example would be:

♠ 5 ♥ Q 10 7 4 ♦ A 10 8 5 ♣ K 10 6 2

If responder can find the opener with four cards in hearts then a heart contract will be best. Over One No Trump he responds Two Clubs. If the opener has four cards of either major, he shows that suit; if not, he bids Two Diamonds. Responder's future action will depend on part-

ner's rebid and on whether a strong or weak No Trump is being used.

A raise to Two No Trumps is usually played in a natural sense. When responder, knowing the strength of the opening No Trump, can assess the combined strength at not less than 23, with a likelihood of 24 or 25, he will invite game with a raise to Two No Trumps.

A few modern systems which have a narrow range for the opening No Trump dispense with a natural raise to Two No Trumps and use this bid in a conventional way. In the Baron system, for example, the opener is requested to show, first, his lowest-ranking four-card suit.

A response at the level of Three in a suit is forcing to game. It would seem natural to make a distinction between the sequences, One No Trump—Three Hearts, and One No Trump—Two Clubs—Two Diamonds—Three Hearts; but while some partnerships have an understanding that one sequence should be stronger than the other, there is no general agreement.

The next article will deal with defence against pre-emptive openings.

'The Romantic Movement'

ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK describes the art exhibition now on view in London

THERE has probably never been such an opportunity to see so many good and so many bad works of art all mixed up together as is provided by the Arts Council's exhibition, 'The Romantic Movement', organized by the Council on behalf of the British Government and sponsored by the Council of Europe. Not only the art galleries of the world but also their cellars have been laid open for the organizers of the exhibition to take their choice, and they have filled twenty rooms at the Tate as well as all the galleries of the Arts Council in St. James's Square.

Most of the works, drawings and sculpture as well as paintings, were executed between 1780 and 1850, but it has been held that the romantic movement had its precursors among the old masters and its successors among the moderns, and so we get Lord Northampton's enchanting Giorgione and one of Lord Leicester's incomparable Claudes, as well as an early Cézanne, Gustave Moreau, and Rodin. The most liberal interpretation of romanticism has been made, and so there are David and Ingres as well as Delacroix, a painting of the moon as seen through a telescope, an extremely literal portrait of a giraffe at the Zoo by Agasse, the opening of the railway between Naples and Portici by a painter of obvious innocence, German Nazarenes, extraordinary nineteenth-century Italian academicians, and even, which is perhaps the oddest of all, a characteristic work by the sixteenth-century mannerist Pellegrino Tibaldi.

For those who really like looking at pictures, even pictures by comparatively uninspired artists, it is tempting to put aside all reflections on the significance and implications of romanticism and just wander about being alternately amused and impressed. For this is above all an opportunity to see a great many works of art which only the most persistent traveller is likely to see again.

There is, for example, David's superb life-size equestrian portrait of Count Potocki from Warsaw and his remarkable large altarpiece, done before he had developed his mature style, from the hospital at Marseilles. Delacroix's 'Massacre de Scio' may be very familiar—it was extraordinarily generous of the Louvre to lend it and it looks magnificent, hung without a frame, at the Tate—but there is also a surprising number of masterpieces by the same artist from French provincial museums all over the country. Géricault's 'La Folle' from Lyon and his 'Riderless Horse Race on the Corso' from Baltimore, Goyas from many different collec-

tions, Chasseriau's powerful and beautiful portrait of Mlle. Cabarrus from Quimper, Gainsboroughs and Constables from English private collections, and a large Turner from America contribute to the splendour of the exhibition.

To some of the greatest artists of the time this may not have made much difference, for David paints in much the same way and with much the same effect whatever his theme, but for the lesser artists the gain was immense.

It is safe to say that at hardly any other period did minor artists produce such interesting works as they did during the romantic revival. The landscapes of a lesser impressionist such as Guallamin may be reasonably attractive but in any exhibition of the art of the second half of the nineteenth century large enough to occupy twenty rooms of the Tate they would surely run the risk of escaping notice. By contrast the German landscape painter Caspar David Friedrich may seem a rather prim executant with a thin little talent, but just because he has so obviously viewed his landscapes as if they were the setting for romantic poetry or fiction one cannot pass them by with a single casual glance; his 'Abbey under the Oak Trees' is at the least a singular and eccentric work.

Even the many portraits in the exhibition, and especially those by minor artists, gain much from the elaboration of the setting, the accessories which tell a story about the sitter as Wright of Derby tells a story about Sir Brooke Boothby getting in touch with nature with the help of a volume of Rousseau, or Opie about his gentleman and miner inspecting a specimen of copper ore.

Literature has now for a long time been suspect as a source of inspiration for the artist and it is true that it did encourage the production of innumerable dreary illustrations in the nineteenth century; also the talent of such painters as Renoir or Cézanne flourished more freely because they were permitted to work without having to look for subjects in the library. But the present exhibition must surely demonstrate how much has been lost by the spread of various aesthetic doctrines which discourage the artist, and in particular the less gifted artist, from using his mind.

It is helpful to see the exhibition at the Arts Council Gallery either just before or just after looking at the works in the Tate. It should in any case not be missed, for it contains many splendid drawings as well as some sculpture.

We are asked to point out that the illustration used in an advertisement on page 458 of THE LISTENER on March 12 was a reproduction of 'On the Terrace' by Auguste Renoir, whose works are still within copyright in Great Britain.



'Thomas Chatterton taking the Bowl of Poison from the Spirit of Despair': drawing by John Flaxman (1755-1826) from 'The Romantic Movement', an exhibition at the Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, and at the Tate Gallery, until September 27

The two versions of Constable's 'Leaping Horse' are hung beside each other, enabling one to see clearly how greatly the artist improved the composition of the finished version. The presence of major French paintings, such as the Davids and the great Delacroix, forces one to appreciate as seldom before that at this time only the French, with the possible exception of Lawrence, had the power of creating monumental design on the grand scale. It is the same contrast of scale that everyone must notice in the public buildings of London and Paris.

Whatever the term 'romantic' may imply, and Sir Kenneth Clark has some wise things to say about this in his introduction to the catalogue, it is obvious that the artists of this period were much more inspired by literature than they were after realism and then impressionism came in; it was also a different kind of literature, no longer predominantly classical, from that which inspired the artists of the Renaissance and after.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Coleridge the Visionary. By J. B. Beer.
Chatto and Windus. 30s.

Reviewed by SIR HERBERT READ

THE ASSUMPTION UNDERLYING this intelligent book is clearly stated on an early page: 'If the poet is to achieve a work of some magnitude, it is not enough that he should wrestle with the structure of language and adapt it to his thought: that thought must also be part of a large and widely accepted universe of thinking in which he feels at home'. In other words, poetry depends for its greatness on mythology. Coleridge, in his achievements and his failures, is taken as an illustration of this theme.

It is a fashionable theory. Much of the recent criticism that concerns itself with the poetry of Yeats and Eliot is committed to it. It is also a prolific theory: it involves the search for and the definition of the poet's myth; it may involve the psychology of the archetype or a philosophy of symbolism. And so to Coleridge. Is *The Ancient Mariner* a valid myth? Can *Christabel* or *Kubla Khan* be interpreted as contributions to a sustaining system of thought? Or is it all bits and pieces, a mosaic of images vivid in themselves, but constituting no philosophical or symbolic unity?

The first aim of a critic like Mr. Beer is to trace the origin of the images Livingston Lowes first explored in *The Road to Xanadu* thirty-two years ago. Since then many academic sleuth-hounds have been on the track of Coleridge's omnivorous reading. It leads through an immense thicket of books, most of them deservedly forgotten. The only guides, apart from the poetry itself, are the sibylline leaves scattered by Coleridge himself, the notebooks still not completely published, the records of his lectures and conversations, his vast correspondence.

There are two criticisms to be made of the method itself. The first relates to the statistical hazard involved. By 1797-98, the year of the composition of his three most significant poems, Coleridge may have read, or looked into, some three thousand books; a critic like Mr. Beer may have identified three hundred of these, and by assiduous search found in them the source of a few images and the traces of one or two ideas that the poet annexed or developed. All this hard work may or may not serve to prove the allegorical intent of a poem like *Kubla Khan*. In any case, an allegorical intent does not constitute a mythology or a metaphysical ideal of any precise kind; and indeed, as Mr. Beer admits, Coleridge's own sense of failure was justified. But the poem remains, one of the most magical poems in the English language, and we can but conclude that the magic is in the language and not in the allegory, which remains obscure after all the critic's researches.

It may be an obvious and not strictly relevant remark, but surely Coleridge had no need to search for a sustaining myth: he was, and, in spite of momentary doubts, always remained, a devout Christian. In this respect he differed from a modern poet like Yeats. If Coleridge needed an allegorical intent, he had but to

follow the example of Milton and attempt to justify the ways of God to man.

A deeper criticism relates to the critic's conception of the creative process. Mr. Beer is far too sensitive to poetic values to proceed on the assumption that poetry is functional or instrumental—that it is an alternative method of presenting truths arrived at by other methods of cognition. Nevertheless, he gives the impression that the poet in general, and Coleridge in particular, is a kind of intellectual magpie pouncing on bright objects that will serve to illustrate a thesis. The poem is a necklace of colourful beads, he seems to imply, but what holds it together, gives it form and continuity, is the thread of thought. In a certain sense this is obviously true: most poetry (there are some modern exceptions) is a process of thought, proceeding from syllable to syllable, image to image. But the process is not logical, and the images are not necessarily generated by anything that justifies the name of thought. Composition proceeds by contagion: contagion of sound, contagion of image; and the procedure itself is a mode of cognition that has its own logic and laws, not the logic of induction or deduction, nor the laws of causality, but a mode of intuitive apprehension that is at once integral and integrating (*natura naturans* and *natura naturata*, to use the terms Mr. Beer favours).

Such cognition is an act of individual courage, of 'negative capability', as Keats so clearly understood. Mr. Beer has the temerity to suggest that the time would have come when Keats would have wished to produce 'work of greater magnitude', and that this would have called for 'a more dependable subject-matter'. 'The evidence of the letters suggests that Keats would gradually have come to "mask" his identity, as Yeats did, and thus to save it from submersion'. It is the only remark in this stimulating book that one finds it hard to forgive; for the romantic enterprise, which Mr. Beer calls the romantic predicament, is precisely to dare to dispense with the mask, and speak with what Keats called 'the true voice of feeling'.

India and Modern Art

By W. G. Archer.

Allen and Unwin. 35s.

The 1947 winter exhibition of the art of India (and Pakistan) at Burlington House was the first comprehensive gesture of reparation for the notorious solecisms on the subject expressed by a number of British officials—and sustained by Ruskin—in the age of political responsibility. It even advanced beyond archaeological respect to include a room of contemporary painting. Yet the revised *Oxford History of India* hardly goes further than preceding compilations in politely recognizing among modern Indian artists (as among writers) some promising students of the West. Mr. Archer's new and well documented study therefore fills a gap; and although the epoch with which he is concerned is brought to an end in the year of independence, his analysis of influences and suggestion of standards provide the needed

introduction to the climate in which Indian painters work today.

In the Burlington House exhibition a few large pictures by the tragically short-lived Amrita Sher-Gil (daughter of an Indian father and a Hungarian mother) attracted attention partly because the echoes of Gauguin were easily understood. There was also Jamini Roy, whose highly individual adaptation of Bengali folk-art caught the fancy of British and American servicemen in war-time Calcutta; and the younger George Keyt, Ceylonese by birth but Indian by attachment as well as reputation. These are three of the artists with whose work Mr. Archer deals in detail, and the fourth is Rabindranath Tagore, whose late incursion into a type of art sometimes called 'automatic' produced a prodigious 3,000 paintings and drawings which stupefied many of his admirers. These four, in the author's choice, are the pillars of modern art in India. To uncover them, he first removes the detritus of the Calcutta Revival associated chiefly with the English teacher W. B. Havell.

Thereafter he deals with the forces of release or inhibition at work on the artist in the India of the last twenty years or so, and with the discovery of affinities, sometimes inevitable and sometimes almost accidental, with particular modern masters in the West. The 'Indian element', so strongly felt yet so difficult to define, is seen by Mr. Archer partly in formal terms but chiefly as a poetic and sensuous fixation on the feminine. There may be room for difference in some of his arguments, but the book as a whole is admirably conceived. Now that India has her own art institutions (with their attendant controversies) and is sending exhibitions abroad, it is high time that we understood what it is all about.

FRANCIS WATSON

Anne Brontë

By Winifred Gérin. Nelson. 30s.

Miss Gérin has written what will probably remain for some considerable time, perhaps for always, the definitive biography of Anne Brontë. Her book is full and accurate, with all the references the student requires—though I wish they were numbered in the text as well as in the notes; it has thirty-two relevant illustrations, a coloured frontispiece of the well-known water-colour of Anne, and a sound index; altogether its apparatus gives the reader confidence in Miss Gérin's research.

There may be some persons for the writing of whose biography no acquaintance with their native environment is necessary. There may; but the Brontës are not among their number. In dealing with the youngest Brontë Miss Gérin has the great advantage of several years' residence, recent and purposeful, in Haworth. The value of this is shown not only in her appreciation of the surrounding Pennines—there are one or two descriptive moorland passages exceeding in quiet accuracy anything hitherto attempted—but in her continued access to local factual sources which from a distance appear too small to trouble with but are in fact rewarding. In listing the materials upon which she has drawn,

Miss Gérin categorizes them as the facts of Anne's life available from public records; the original documents—letters, diaries, reminiscences—of Anne and her circle; Anne's published works; and the places and people among whom she passed her days.

Miss Gérin deals faithfully with all these sources, but it is the final category which has yielded the freshest and most illuminating details. Nor are these details merely recounted for their own sake; they are placed to show their relevance and meaning. The families where Anne suffered the martyrdom of governess-ship, the Inghams and the Robinsons, take on a fresh life for us, and throw into different relief Branwell's affair with Mrs. Robinson and the structure of *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*. We learn the home circumstances of William Weightman—he was the son of a Westmorland brewer and read classics at Durham University—and even such a tiny detail as the reminder that Branwell's death would involve the Brontës in much sewing of mourning sheds an additional (and ghastly) light on those last terrible months before Emily's death.

Miss Gérin has not devoted separate chapters to critical assessments of Anne's poems and novels, as was done in the recent Harrison-Stanford biography, but has dealt with each of Anne's writings in its appropriate chronological place. Both methods have their merits. Miss Gérin serves to point up the biographical situation, Anne's actions and feelings and thoughts, at the time.

On the religious aspects of Anne's life, and on her ill-fated love for William Weightman, Miss Gérin is informative and convincing. On one of the most interesting of all Brontë problems, the nature of the friendship between Emily and Anne, she is not perhaps as convincing—who could be in such an absence of evidence?—but makes stimulating suggestions. For example, when analyzing Anne's relation to their shared imaginary world of Gondal, as compared with Emily's, she remarks:

Anne had often used the names of [Gondal characters] as a cover behind which to conceal personal experience. The opposite was the case with Emily; she lived by her imaginary creation, not they by her.

Thus the attribution of real incidents as the motives of Emily's poems, false for Emily, was true for Anne. But did the publication of Emily's poems and novels destroy Emily's sense of private freedom and thus her life, as Miss Gérin suggests? We shall never know.

We are not likely, in any case, ever to know much more of Anne Brontë's life than is contained in this sober and comprehensive volume.

PHYLLIS BENTLEY

Unshackled. By Dame Christabel Pankhurst. Edited by Lord Pethick-Lawrence. Hutchinson. 25s.

One feels that it was partly the clothes—particularly the immense hats and the long awkward skirts which had to be 'held up' crossing the streets . . . Look at the picture of five militant leaders facing page 81, and you will find it easy to understand why so many of later generations have found it easy to regard the Suffragettes as Edwardian period pieces, figures of mild fun—until opposite page 145 you find, half-length and without a hat, the fine face of Annie Kenney, the mill-girl who

became Christabel's chief lieutenant, and until you read Christabel's own story in this book, whose MS. was fortunately discovered in a trunk after her death.

It is of absorbing interest, though one may regret that the author was a trifle sparing of useful detail; it does not, for example, give the date of the formation of the W.S.P.U., though the fact is described. But it does give the essential history of the militant suffrage movement, which began, in a very small way, in February, 1904, rose to the status of a public (and newsworthy) nuisance during the first years of the Liberal government, observed 'truce' during 1910 and 1911, when it seemed that the Conciliation Bill, an all-party effort, might be successful, and on its failure went into the open war of hunger-strike, forcible feeding, large-scale damage to property, conspiracy trials, the Cat and Mouse Act—until in August, 1914, the two Pankhursts, deciding that 'militants could not be pacifists', called the war off and led their forces into the munition factories, where, we learn, it was hoped that they would help to break strikes called by the men.

No one would look for impartiality from Christabel Pankhurst, or any hint of excuses for her foes; and undoubtedly there was little or no excuse for the way in which Liberal politicians, with Asquith as their chief, ignored repeated favourable votes of the House of Commons, broke pledges given 'in the letter and in the spirit', and used every discreditable trick to get out of granting the Vote. The shame became worse in 1913-14, where open preaching of rebellion to the Army in Northern Ireland was treated much more gingerly than the suffragette violence—directed to property only and never to persons, unless shaking a Cabinet Minister by the collar is 'personal violence'. Dame Christabel says that the policy of 'sterner militancy', which began in 1912 and whose adoption caused the break between the Pankhursts and the Pethick-Lawrences (of which no account is given), followed *inevitably* from the actions of the government. This is open to doubt, since on a later page she writes: 'Mother and I could have ended militancy as easily as we began it'—as in 1914 they did.

In fact, Christabel's autobiography reveals a delight in the generalship of guerrilla warfare and a contempt of the methods of democracy—except the parliamentary vote—which makes the reader wonder what might have happened had there been no world war. She and her mother would have no truck with representative conferences or elected committees; they demanded to be trusted absolutely, and they were—except by those who like Mrs. Despard and her Women's Freedom League had broken away from the spell; they asked for thousands of pounds and hundreds of volunteers willing to risk their health if not their lives by going to prison and hunger-striking, and they got them. This way, however, lies Fuhrership; by 1914, sentences of five years' penal servitude were being handed out. What, in the heated disturbed atmosphere before the war, would have happened next?

No one will ever know; as no one will ever answer finally the question, 'What won the Vote?' The Suffragettes, who undoubtedly first made a public issue of it? The war, which made it impossible to deny the franchise to the women who had served their country? Or a

gradual crumbling of the old violent prejudices, so that by 1918 they were but ghosts? All three, possibly; meantime, the story of this strange slice of history, told by its passionate, able, humourless protagonist, should certainly be read. Lord Pethick-Lawrence has provided a kind introduction and final chapter, with which I have only one quarrel. He says that women might well have been enfranchised in the nineteenth century, had it not been for the head of the Liberal Party. Can it be that he has forgotten Queen Victoria?

MARGARET COLE

Mary of Hungary

By Jane de Iongh. Faber. 30s.

The memory of Mary, granddaughter of the Emperor Maximilian, sister of the two Habsburg brothers, Charles and Ferdinand, who divided between them the greatest Empire known to history, and for a few years wife of Louis, King of Bohemia and Hungary, has been overshadowed by that of her kinsfolk. Yet she herself played a not unimportant role in history. Her child-marriage to Louis was a part of the complex dynastic transaction which, after Louis's untimely death after the battle of Mohacs, brought his crowns into the possession of the Habsburg dynasty; afterwards, Mary governed the Netherlands for twenty-five years as Regent for her brother, during which she was concerned in every political pie in Europe. She was not a pleasant character: she was extravagant, cruel, and always ready to put any business aside in favour of her all-absorbing passion for the chase. But she possessed the redeeming qualities of loyalty, first to her husband and then to her brother, and determination, and she was not lacking in intelligence. Miss de Iongh is justified in claiming that she deserves a biography in her own right.

Whether, if so, she did not deserve something more than she has received here is another question. Miss de Iongh admits frankly in her preface that she has conducted no archival research: she has depended entirely on printed sources, most of them secondary, and those relating to the earlier part of Mary's career (it may be remarked) are not, as a rule, among the most recent. She gives us neither new facts, nor new interpretations; and although the familiar facts are composed in a new pattern, round the personality of Mary, her role was only occasionally important enough to make the pattern significant. In her presentation, Miss de Iongh affects the mode of the historical novel, not inventing episodes or conversations, but introducing lavish comment and decoration. Some will doubtless find this a welcome jam to sweeten the powder of history; to others it will be intolerably cloying. One must be very romantic to enjoy such a sentence as: 'Accompanied by her dogs, surrounded by the flapping of her falcon's wings, the small, lithe equestrienne rode back to her fatherland, where a far from light task awaited her: to take over Regent Mary's legacy, the highest government function'.

It is a pity that the translator, M. D. Harter Norton, has not been able to make up his mind how to handle his proper names. If German names are Anglicized into Mary and Charles, why should Hungarian ones be left as Lajos and János? And we really might be given 'Styria' for 'Steiermark'.

C. A. MACARTNEY

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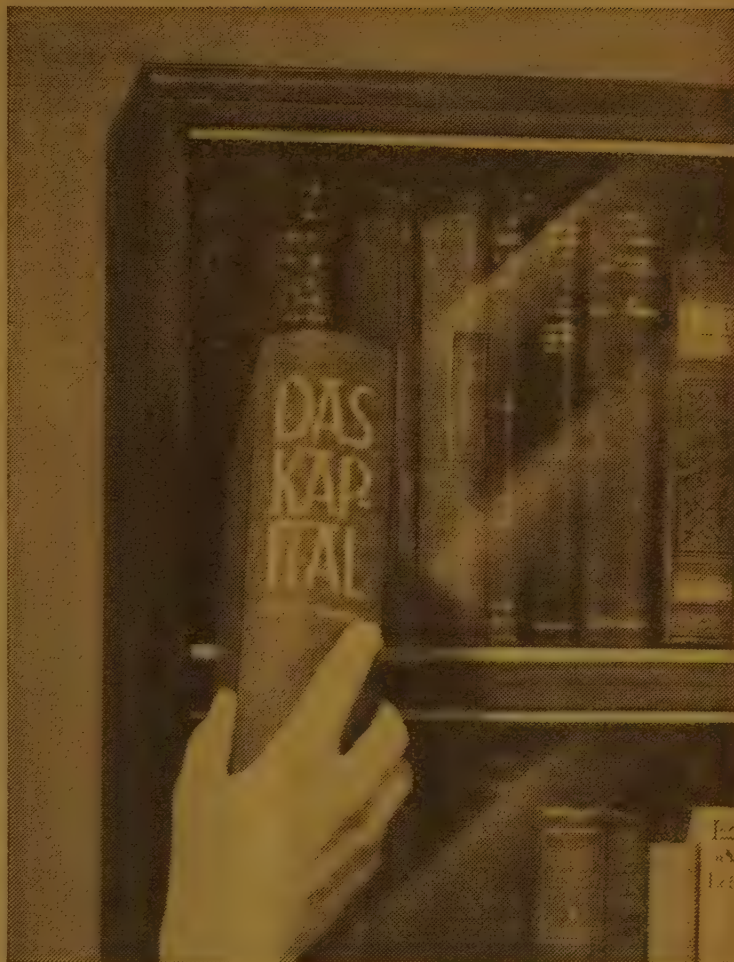
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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Telegenic

WE STILL LACK a decent word for it. In an allied field 'photogenic' has proved useful, but is of course a complete misnomer—it means 'light-producing', and phosphorus and fireflies and decaying fish are photogenic, but film-stars are not (except possibly after death). But how are we to express in a single word 'particularly amenable to transmission by television'? 'Televisionistic'? Too long and lumbering. 'Screenic' (on the analogy of 'filmic')? Too short and beastly; and one hears the bones of Bentley and of Porson rattling in their graves. Perhaps after all 'telegenic' is the best of a poor bunch, even though it does mean literally 'creating-from-a-far'. Or how about 'T' and 'non-T'?

Television is of course still at that interesting stage of development when what is T or non-T is still not certainly known. Sports, for instance, are many and their fans various; and it is only 'fair' that all the major sports should be represented. The viewing value for non-fans, however, differs enormously. Tennis, as all are agreed, is enormously T. But when we switched over from Wimbledon for a while to the golf at Muirfield, as happened all too frequently, the contrast was almost pathetic—the dreary-looking straggling crowds, the interminable practice swings, the almost complete lack of drama or tension. This is not to say for a moment that golf is in any way an inferior game to tennis; or that the television team did not make the very best of a bad job: but the whole problem is one that still awaits solution.

Music is also notoriously non-T, though many attempts are being made to get round this. Perhaps I may offer the suggestion that straightforward presentation is likely to be successful in proportion as the instrument concerned offers an easily perceived visual analogue to the sounds produced? Thus the movements of a violinist's fingers offer no real clue (except to another violinist) about the nature of the music being played. The piano is more helpful, as the position of the hands on the keyboard clearly indicates the pitch; however vision does not add anything that our ears did not previously know. Wanda Landowska on the harpsichord ('Monitor', July 5) was a very different matter. The harpsichord has two keyboards, each with its own timbre, and the difference between them is not always immediately perceptible to the unaided ear. Vision here in fact is of the greatest help and decidedly adds a new dimension to the music; and I suggest that this is an instrument that the medium should make much more use of. Mme. Landowska herself was naturally fascinating in every sense of the word.

Thursday's full-scale assault on *Peter and the Wolf* with Gillian Lynne as both disease and mime was a bold attempt by all concerned and a great deal of thought and rehearsal had evidently been put into it; but the event proved distinctly embarrassing and, in Milton's words,

a 'sable stole of Cypress Lawn' had better be drawn over the whole thing.

The exhibits in the Royal Scottish Academy (July 6) were probably for the most part actually non-V ('not worth looking at with or without television'); and John Betjeman was able to do little for them. The programme provided one splendid moment, however, when the Queen's Limner for Scotland, dressed up in some sort of pseudo-historical Santa Claus outfit, solemnly remarked, in answer to a suggestion that one of the painters owed something to Ben Nicholson, 'No, I wouldna say that. But ye see, they had ane thing in common: they were both



Wanda Landowska in a filmed interview in 'Monitor' on July 5



From 'Lost without Trace' on July 9: a page of the Lambeth Bible, by the same artist who illustrated the thirty-five missing pages of the Maidstone Bible

wurking on a reectahngular cahnvas'. At first I thought this was a pretty example of 'pawky' humour; but no, alas!, it soon turned out that the Limner was only too seriously out on his limn.

'Lost without Trace' (July 9) was the first of a potentially worth-while new series by means of which it is hoped to recover notorious lost valuables: the subject this week was the missing illuminations from the twelfth-century Maidstone Bible, cut out in the course of the past 200 years by some person or persons unknown. Are they in your scrapbook? This was an interesting programme though in places rather loosely argued. It committed one serious error, however,

in not making clear the legal position of any present owner: any uninstructed viewer would have tended to assume that the Maidstone authorities still have some rights in the matter (which is not the case), and the effect would be to encourage him to hide rather than declare a discovery. This should be put right on the next occasion.

'The Case Before You' (July 6) also gives every promise of being a good new series, and I hope to discuss it next week.

HILARY CORKE

DRAMA

'Clash by Night'

THE ONLY OBJECTION my attentive transatlantic companion could raise against last week's superb production of Clifford Odets's *Clash by Night* was that it displayed Sam Wanamaker paying off a waiter with pound notes instead of dollar bills. But as he unloaded them with a careless prodigality worlds removed from the ceremonious handling due to a pound note, I don't think there is much substance in the objection.

This was easily the best television performance of an American play I have seen since last year's production of *Strange Interlude*; the director on both occasions was John Jacobs. *Clash by Night* is only middle-quality Odets; it falls as far beneath *Golden Boy* as it ranks above *Till the Day I Die*. But in this almost operatic drama of an amiable dumb-ox who blunders into a cinema projection room to strangle the slick friend who cuckolded him, there are marvellous opportunities for ensemble acting, and Mr. Jacobs's cast seized them unerringly. Odets writes in a kind of dramatic shorthand which requires as much stylistic amplification in performance as does Restoration comedy. Mr.

Jacobs's cast knew the idiom inside out, and they brought to the text the concentrated 'attitude playing' which distinguishes all Method acting at its best and which absorbed one so much in the truth of the play from moment to moment as to obscure its arbitrary development.

In the opening scene the couple are sitting torpidly outside their Staten Island shack. The wife's resignation to her marriage is at once apparent from her studied suppression of her good looks; she speaks in a bored croak and when she walks it is with a languid shuffle. The husband is tirelessly trying to ingratiate himself with her, and as he ties himself into knots with bungled

compliments you get an endless vista of his wasted acts of affection—clumsy gestures that irritate her, lavish presents that have to be returned before they are paid for: nothing can stop her from thinking him a piece of beef. But when the trio is completed by the arrival of the friend ("smartest fella I ever met") the couple acquire a certain dignity; they at least are consistently themselves, whereas Pfeiffer, the newcomer, and a genuine sharp-apple, is prepared at one moment to go through a tremendous back-slapping routine with the husband and at the next to try a line in quiet sensitivity with the wife.

This reaches its first climax in a dance-hall scene, when the wife puts Pfeiffer's friendly intimacy to the test and tells him she had once lived with a 'Pennsylvania politician; weighed 200 pounds . . . he could have had my teeth for watch fobs'. Her speech has an eloquence of total sincerity; desperately trying to keep up with it, Pfeiffer embarks on a strained metaphor about carrying a ball down to the touch line and finishes with a ten-thumbed invitation to bed. The indirectness of this exposure, and the ensuing retreat on both sides into contemptuous silence and frenzied clutchings for self-respect were managed by Patricia Neal and Sam Wanamaker with a controlled precision and sense of dramatic shape which isolated the scene as a self-contained emotional cycle.

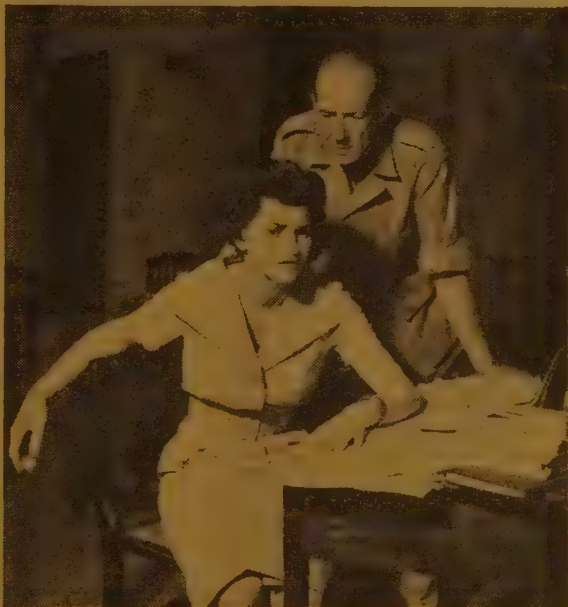
Most of the scenes are exactly that. There is, for instance, no organic reason for the wife to succumb to Pfeiffer afterwards, though the scene in which she does so is as well constructed as the one in which she turns him down. The only member of the cast who managed to bring some persuasiveness to the play's narrative line was Nehemiah Persoff, who played the husband with a massive authority. After establishing the character's spaniel-like devotion to the wife, he reacted to the news of her adultery like a mortally wounded animal. The big body sagged, the hands overturned a bottle of scent and burrowed into a silk nightdress while a half-conscious delirious moan seemed to well up from the whole body. The wife's giggling entry with a tipsy Pfeiffer at this moment was one of the more arresting touches in a generally unobtrusive and wholly sympathetic production.

The week's drama after this auspicious

beginning went, literally, west. Two plays by ladies, both directed by Brandon Acton-Bond and presented from the West of England studio, made their tepid appearances on Thursday and Sunday evenings. The first, Jean Hunt's *From out of the West* was a distressingly whimsical sortie into life on the other side. A group of West Country characters are discovered in an ante-chamber to the Elysian Fields, a place reminiscent of the lounge of a vegetarian guest-house. They divide their time between attending meetings of the Uplift Committee, taking gentle exercise, and basking before what



Scene from *Clash by Night* on July 7, with (left to right) Arnold Marle as Jerry's father, Sean Sullivan as Vincent Kress, Nehemiah Persoff as Jerry Wilenski, Sam Wanamaker as Earl Pfeiffer, and Patricia Neal as Mae Wilenski



Pamela Alan as Frances Lammering and Michael Hordern as her husband in *Farewell My City* on July 12

second place to that of the official's marital troubles. After seventeen years out East the Lammerings are in danger of drifting apart, and only with the help of an ardent second man, a drought, and two murders does Miss Lang succeed in bringing them together again. Applied to this play, the word 'feminine' becomes terrifying. Pamela Alan played the wife with hard, antiseptic poise; Michael Hordern, haggard and sweat-stained, alone among the cast seemed to be doing his duty in a vile climate.

IRVING WARDLE

* Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Norfolk Orpheans

MR. FREDERICK BRADNUM'S *The Cave and the Grail* (Third, July 7) had the kind of fey beginning that frightens away all but the Third Programme's devotees. It was based on a little-known legend from Norfolk about a magician who keeps the souls of drowned sailors in a cave. Their souls are released by a sailor called Perceval who thus finds the Grail and is believed to be travelling back to life with its secret. Mr. Bradnum used the story to make clear in a verse sequence the contemporary significance of such a search. Perceval (Mr. Ronald Fraser) not only encounters the trappings of legendry. He meets in a way now familiar to radio dramatists various voices whose attitude towards Grail seekers is shown satirically. Initially I was afraid that the work would founder in an over-poetic fog but Mr. Bradnum was worth listening out for, and his verse succeeded in saying something hard and clear. It was balanced remarkably by some very fine music by Mr. Humphrey Searle who provided both magic sensations and some music which wittily burlesqued popular music. The magician Calatin was played by Mr. George Coulouris, there was a splendid Giant from Mr. Patrick Magee, and a soothing Guardian Angel by Miss Sian Phillips. Mr. R. D. Smith's firm hand produced the work, which is to be repeated on July 26.

The Long Way Back (Home, July 4) by Mr. Merlin Roberts was written for broadcasting but its form suggested that it had been adapted from a novel or from a film script. The voice of Sir Richard Bannister, a famous conductor (Mr. Austin Trevor), tells the story of Martin Condon's fight to become a composer against the wishes of his big industrialist father. He falls



From Out of the West on July 9, with (left to right) Audrey Noble as Grace, Lewis Gedge as the parson, Ethel Coleridge as Amy, Philip Ray as Joe, June Barrie as Stella, Aileen Mills as Mabel, and Angela Brooking as Mary

in love with Elaine, a gold-digger, who leaves him when he refuses to go into the family business. He then marries Rosemary, a music student, but Elaine, who marries his widowed father, haunts him. When his father dies and he is made to feel responsible for his death he fakes a suicide and goes to Paris. When the war starts he returns home and he, Rosemary, and Elaine are met together once more in the shadow of the Albert Hall during an air raid.

Though Mr. Roberts created his characters swiftly and credibly the story seemed to cry out for visual treatment. The climax was well handled by Mr. David H. Godfrey, who produced the play, but it could have been the end of a much better film. The end was, for all that, surprisingly effective and started me wondering why so few plays or narrative dramas have dealt with the war from a civilian point of view. There have been plenty of war documentaries but few plays that use the war as a back cloth. The shortage of such material may have something to do with the fact that many authors sell film rights and thus deprive radio adapters of a chance to render their books as radio plays. Mr. Roberts's story belonged as a type to the form of the novel and was therefore enjoyable because it was rare.

Mr. Giles Cooper's *A Crown of Gold* (Light, July 7), though intentionally a slight piece, once again demonstrated his mastery in sound dialogue and in immediate character portrayal. In half the time that it takes most authors to set the scene we learned that Sir Ronald and Lady Pinn are on board their luxury yacht and are faced with the problem of sacking a stateless alien. The alien, Max (Mr. Max Adrian), has an ancestor on every page of the *Almanach de Gotha* and does not take well to the life of a steward. Sir Ronald (brilliantly tycooned by Mr. William Kendall) solves their problem by sailing the yacht to a South American island which is having a revolution and which is virtually owned by him. The revolutionaries threaten to shoot the Pinnas but Sir Ronald foxes them by giving them Max as a constitutional monarch.

Though Mr. Cooper is always after laughs he rarely fails to instruct as well as please and there was a suggestion here that might well be taken seriously in another context. Lady Pinn (Miss Belle Chrystall) who describes Naples as 'the one with the volcano' would naturally not understand all this, but Sir Ronald might do so and make a profit. The exportation of the idea of constitutional monarchy might well be the last and most grotesquely funny contribution by Britain to the world. The play was produced by Mr. Archie Campbell who sensibly used few effects, for Mr. Cooper's skill lies in his creation of a scene without the use of too many effects. The situation is portrayed by inference so that one learns of it without being lectured or having the elbow jogged.

Miss Christine Arnothy's *I Am Fifteen and I Do Not Want to Die* (Home, July 9) which was a novel that told with journalistic realism the story of the entry by the Russians into Budapest in 1945, was adapted by Mr. Roger Pillaudin and made a documentary impression. It was produced soundly by Mr. Archie Campbell and was translated by the indefatigable Miss Cynthia Pughe. Miss Frances Cuka gave a moving performance as Christine.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

The Classified Society

'SOCIETY HAS PLURAL VALUES' was the concluding verdict of one of the participants, quoting Burke—though it doesn't sound like Burke—in the Third Programme discussion (July 8) labelled 'The I.Q. Society' and based on a book,

The Rise of the Meritocracy, which envisages another of those future utopias in which society has been ironed out according to one set of principles. There may be difficulties, but there were rewards this time, in listening to a lengthy and sometimes peripheral debate arising from a book one happens not to have read. At least the gist of the work was made clear from the start.

Nowadays it is routine for the business executive to make an annual pilgrimage to Oxbridge—or Redbrick University—and hand-pick the brightest candidates for the places awaiting them in the upper ranges of his hierarchy. Michael Young's book, one gathered, is a more or less mathematical multiplication of this tendency into a picture of a world where economic productivity rules the ends of human society, and the means consist of appointing every individual to his place in the human machine by a process of vocational guidance, based on a periodic assessment of his intelligence and aptitude which is carried out by a highly complex but infallible machine called 'Pamela'. Mark the 'periodic', because rank in the meritocracy depends on the fluctuations of the individual's I.Q. A professor at forty may be an assistant lecturer at sixty.

This sounds like rather academic fun. And a certain donnishness permeated even the more enthusiastic comments: 'Extraordinarily funny: beautifully flat and serious in tone—with perhaps some rather undergraduate cracks'. But literary merits apart, one of the commentators saw it as seriously clarifying two strands of Utopian thought: the Fabian variety which looked towards government by a democratic élite of the intelligentsia, as against the ideals of William Morris and his followers who wanted to dignify human labour at all levels, and improve the values of the population as a whole. The two are naturally opposed, and the triumph of the first leads to reaction and revolt from the second.

Since government by education was the virtual subject, and three of the four taking part were educationists, the talk naturally lurched over to the subject of present-day schooling. There were some rather specialist cracks here, along with queasy pieties about schools teaching children to 'make friends across the class frontiers'. And of course the upshot of it all was that intelligence and aptitude are mere sounding brasses and tinkling cymbals, without moral judgment and character to give them weight and meaning.

At the end of it all I was left wondering why, in this country at any rate, social classification becomes more and more of a mania while the class barriers are supposed to dwindle. 'The best working-class play of the decade' or 'a novel revealing startling insights into lower-middle-class character' are the kind of commonplace that would have been inconceivable a hundred years ago. We seem to be living in a classified society already—in principle, if not in fact. The demon of classification has seen to that.

Mr. Leopold Stokowski is one of those grandiose unclassifiables who inhabit the void at the top. 'You are doing a terrible thing to me', he accused his questioners in 'Frankly Speaking' (July 5, Home). 'You are making me talk about myself'. Revelatory enough in style, his talk was far from self revealing in any strict, factual sense of the word. To the question 'Born in Brixton?', the answer was 'No, I was born in south London'. There was throughout the same urge to rise from the particular to the general as fast as possible. And for most of the time Mr. Stokowski was, personally speaking, out of sight.

'Radio Link' (July 9, Home) promised something like a scoop: the Foreign Secretary, on the eve of the renewed Geneva Conference, answering questions from Paris, New York, Frankfurt, and Rome. For those expecting revelations, this mountain must have failed to produce

even a mouse. But after all, were revelations seriously in the nature of the case? There was a formidable display of heckling on one side and of parliamentary parrying on the other. And I could see nothing specious about Mr. Lloyd's final plea, that meeting and talking are a positive result in themselves, and the only way, however difficult, to understanding and to any degree of human relationship.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

John Ireland

JOHN IRELAND is about to be eighty. The actual date is August 13. The occurrence is being made into something of a public celebration; there is to be an Ireland evening at the Proms on August 14, or rather half of one; though that is not suggestive of any derogatory feeling. One half of such an evening is all that can be available to any one man's work, seeing the type of audience catered for. And indeed Mr. Ireland has written comparatively few works of that symphonic stature which is now the backbone of Promenade Concerts; a paucity of large works that we cannot but regret, we who in our insatiable greed have wanted from him a symphony or a violin concerto or another for piano. But the present handful of big works suffices his ambition and so we must submit.

For the rest, that is for the greater part of his fine achievement, it is in chamber music, songs, and solo piano pieces that he has created abundantly and deeply enriched our music. And it is to those that we now turn for the refreshing of memory and the recapturing of delight. Such an occasion was last week's Home Service recital of eight songs, the sonata for 'cello and piano and the A minor Fantasy Trio. Inevitably this was felt to be a minute slice of birthday cake, enough to arouse, but insufficient to assuage, our hunger.

It will have been noticed that none of the more hearty songs was included; no *Twelve Oxen* nor any *Sea Fever*. They are out of favour among the more youthful arbiters of present taste and must wait the appreciation of a couple more generations of connoisseurs before being welcomed back. However, there is still a long list of other memorable things, among them the great Thomas Hardy settings, two of which appeared in this recital to remind us of the refinement and subtlety of Mr. Ireland's art. The instrumental works that evening were fairly, though not fundamentally, representative of his important contribution to the English aspect of that style of composition; though the 'cello sonata served to display much of his mastery and above all his lyric eloquence. In this commendable performance by Florence Hooton and Wilfrid Parry the sonata took the air finely. No performance in this concert was absolutely first-rate but this one did give the music a good deal of its intrinsic character, its vigour and warm humanity. The Trio, heedfully played by David Martin, Florence Hooton, and Iris Loveridge, was interesting to meet with again; a landmark in our chamber music and a work of lasting significance.

The songs failed in their full effect, owing to an unfortunate piece of mis-casting. No need to stress the good qualities of William Parsons as a vocalist or his ability to get inside a song and really interpret it. Here circumstances were against him and certainly against the songs. He came within sight of them but it was from a too distant viewpoint that he observed these five *Songs of a Wayfarer* and the others. The surface was seldom penetrated at all deeply and that, in the case of Ireland's music, is particularly harmful since surface charm is often strong and if it beguiles us to the exclusion of all else we miss

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the real message. Mr. Parsons, palpably in earnest and ever attentive to the verbal meaning in each song, for once could not lighten his voice and shed the burden of sentiment. As a result the music sounded heavy and its texture thick. That was regrettable, seeing how much good intention was there.

Beethoven's *Fidelio* filled the imagination to overflowing and held the attention to the exclusion of all other thoughts, visions, feelings throughout Saturday evening (Third). This was a relay from Glyndebourne and it showed that

opera company at its best. If at the end it was the music and that alone which remained with one, what could that mean but that the performance was so good as to make one forget it as one listened to Beethoven? It was, in fact, a splendid piece of corporate work, sung and played perfectly and with the crowning grace of no second overture inserted before the final scene. It sounded also very lively; there was little of that heavy sentimentality which often ruins performances elsewhere.

In close contact Shostakovich's fifth sym-

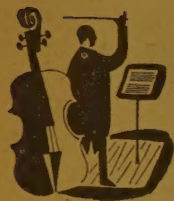
phony (July 8, Home) and Mahler's first (July 10, Home) showed the inexhaustible variety symphony offers in form and content. Small wonder that it continues to attract exploratory minds. The Russian work was splendidly played by the London Symphony Orchestra under Stokowski and it was interesting to notice lingering influences there from Mahler. His early symphony was given adequate, though not particularly inspired, treatment by the Scottish National Orchestra under Hans Swarowsky, a fair, generalized account of that superabundant work.

SCOTT GODDARD

Lajtha and his Symphonies

By JOHN S. WEISSMANN

Lajtha's Seventh Symphony will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 9.5 p.m. on Tuesday, July 21



INTRODUCING AN ARTIST and claiming, at the same time, outstanding qualities for his work is an ungrateful task. The serious listener is bound to be suspicious: that so much excellence should go undetected for so long is improbable. Yet if Lajtha's music has not, so far, received the attention due to a major contribution, the loss is ours: for he is an artist whose intellectual horizon is commensurate to his skill in translating his vision into a meaningful pattern of sound—a rare phenomenon in our era which, obsessed by the advances in musical 'engineering', overlooks the lack of a spiritual message.

Comparing Lajtha's symphonies to those of Vaughan Williams, it is possible to find points of contact; and the similarities may outweigh the dissimilarities in importance. But the two traditions that supported Vaughan Williams's music—the national element and the European habits of expression—were both parts of his musical patrimony. To Lajtha, as to every other Hungarian creative musician, they constituted a dilemma. The former has drawn him towards the East, the other towards the West: he has been obliged to find a personal solution in the reconciliation or equilibrium of the two forces. Bartók and Kodály each found a solution in his own personal way, but they both avoided the symphony (Kodály entirely, and Bartók conditionally—if we disregard the series of his string quartets, symphonies in all but name). Lajtha's acceptance of the symphonic principle was guided partly by his deep attachment to the Western outlook of life and its representative forms of musical thought, and partly by his realization that the symphony, as a general principle of organizing musical ideas, constituted the most congenial means of conveying his message.

Lajtha has so far written seven symphonies for full orchestra: No. 1, Op. 24 (1936), No. 2, Op. 27 (1938), No. 3, Op. 45 (1947-48), No. 4, Op. 52 (*Le printemps*) (1951), No. 5, Op. 55 (1952), No. 6, Op. 61 (1955), No. 7, Op. 63 (*L'automne*) (1957).

To describe Lajtha's style is far from easy. There is nothing experimental or startlingly new in his musical language: on the other hand the processes of his melodic organization speak of a uniquely original mind. These processes are not entirely explained by either motivic-contrapuntal or expansive-polyphonic methods: they constitute what may well be regarded as a highly effective personal manner.

The enterprising and involved harmonic experiments of his early music, which provoked even Bartók's amazement, have progressively lost their virulence since the appearance of the First Symphony. But this simplification applies only

to the harmonic context: the chordal structures themselves have not become less intricate nor the treatment of dissonance less pungently effective. It is rather that their role in the musical fabric has been subordinated to the checks and balances of a new symphonic order; both dissonance and consonance are equivalent and complementary elements in the creative process. The opening of the Seventh Symphony, for instance, could easily compete in aggressiveness with Stravinsky or Prokofiev; but this was conditioned by the emotional message of the work and the structural organization of its unfolding. As the music reaches the contrasting sections (the area of the 'second subject'), we find ourselves amidst triadic harmonies radiating tranquillity—again in consequence of the emotional inspiration that guides the logic of Lajtha's symphonic thinking. On the other hand the sunlit optimism and the infectious gaiety of the Fourth, informed with the clear and breezy spirit of Bizet's France, and the sophisticated simplicity of the Sixth, are undoubtedly due to the clear-cut harmonic schemes and the re-imposition of the common chord. Of course it is possible to create a feeling of reverie and sweetness with the help of harmonic dissonance, though in this case its application is determined by its effect of colour: the 'onomatopoeic' textures in the first movement of the metaphysical Third, the contemplative passages in the opening of the Fifth, and the central movement of the Seventh, are all enveloped in a peculiar sheen of soft melancholy.

Lajtha's rhythmic imagination owes much to folk music—not to the more immediate, strongly accented type found in dance tunes, but to the rather more sophisticated metric schemes of ballad melodies, laments, and 'free' melodies. The opening paragraph of the Fifth Symphony, for instance, takes the old-type dirge and its characteristic formulas as its model—though none of it is borrowed or 'quoted': the melody is entirely Lajtha's own. If correspondences to the rhythmic life of his symphonies are sought in other European music, Roussel's sinewy plasticity and sustained rhythmic power come to mind.

The most important element in Lajtha's idiom, that which governs the constitution of his symphonic style, is his conception of melody. His methods are based on the principles of organic growth, the continuous expansion of one germinal idea. All his post-war symphonies illustrate this: melody, in these works, is conceived as one extended musical thought. One might describe its character by saying that the traditional German spirit in music seeks to achieve continuity by 'variative' and 'permutative' principles asserting themselves through the sonata; while Lajtha explores 'additive' pro-

cesses in the first place, and then complements them by 'variative' treatment. His reawakened interest in polyphony, after his earlier preoccupation with harmony, has inevitably deepened his concern for the beauty of melodic contour: seeking to display it in the most satisfying conditions he was led to investigate French and Italian baroque models—again dispensing with central European varieties.

Nowhere is the inspiration of the French school more clearly evident than in his orchestral technique. Assimilating the misty sheen of Debussy's *chiaroscuro*, the copperplate acuteness of Ravelian contours, and Strauss's hedonism of sound, he created a highly individual orchestral manner. Its less obviously demonstrable elements are his thorough understanding of instrumental balance and extraordinary sensitivity for the resultant orchestral colour. The luminosity of his textures is attributable to his concern with the individual qualities of each instrument. Very characteristic is his employment of harp and of saxophone. His highly personal treatment of percussion is not intended to increase the volume of an orchestral climax, so much as to exploit unexpected colouristic capacities, as in the persistent percussion ostinatos in the Fifth and Seventh Symphonies.

Lajtha's complete emancipation from the shackles of central European tradition is shown in the architectural schemes of his symphonies. Some, like the First, Fourth, Sixth, and Seventh, consist of three movements, others, including the Third and Fifth, of only two. He considers the symphony, not as an inherited pattern of organized sound, but as a principle of musical thinking with particular relevance to the spirit of our days. He has sought to create musical symbols expressing the artist's concern with the perplexities of our world: and music folk-lore provided him with models whose ancestral associations would produce the intended responses at instinctive levels—thus the lament of the Fifth, and especially the chorale in the concluding part of the Seventh; but also the more cheerful evocations of the Fourth and the burlesque comedy of the Sixth. It is worth noting that the movement of dance character is absent from his symphonies because it has become a meaningless convention.

Vaughan Williams and Roussel have been mentioned in connection with certain aspects of Lajtha's symphonies; Mahler comes to mind in considering them as a projection of life. To both, 'symphony' meant the building of an imaginary world; but while Mahler was indiscriminating in his methods and resources where the reflection of his inner struggles and the quest for personal salvation were concerned, Lajtha is incomparably more fastidious.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife



Fish Dishes for Summer

MANY FISH are delicious eaten cold with salad: for instance, cod, haddock, plaice, lemon soles, Dover soles, halibut, turbot, and of course the shellfish such as crabs, prawns, and shrimps. I find the best way to prepare the smaller fillets, such as plaice, to serve cold is to steam them on a plate, covered with a lid, over a pan of simmering water. Larger fillets can be baked in a moderate oven. Fish such as turbot and halibut are good poached. Whichever method you choose, let the fish get cold, then coat it with a thick mayonnaise, decorate with halved black grapes, and surround with lettuce, cucumber, and other salad vegetables.

Here is a rather different and very tasty mayonnaise sauce for fish salad, which I was given when staying in Belgium. The day before you want the sauce chop up a little raw onion into some mayonnaise. Leave it overnight, then stir it through a sieve to strain the onion out. Into this onion-flavoured mayonnaise stir in a little concentrated tomato purée—just enough to flavour and colour it.

Recently I found something new to me at the fishmongers—Pacific prawns. They are much larger than our own prawns—more like scampi—though slightly less expensive. If the fishmonger tells you they have not already been boiled, put them into cold water, bring to the boil and simmer for not more than eight minutes. They

have a slightly sweet flavour but are not very exciting eaten plain: they need to be served with a sauce, or fried.

LOUISE DAVIES

For Young Children

Try this simple mixture for very young children: grate up a dessert apple, add a very little grated Cheshire cheese to it—about ½ oz. to one apple—then make it moist with top of milk. I like this, too, at breakfast or lunch; it is most refreshing.

LOUISE DAVIES

Cleaning New Carpets

A listener writes: 'I have heard that new carpets should not be vacuum-cleaned for a while, as this takes something from them. Is this true? And, if so, for how long must one wait before using the vacuum cleaner?'

It is true that a new carpet takes a little time to settle. It sheds a good deal of surface fluff to begin with, along with loose ends left over from the manufacturing process. You will not ruin a carpet if you run a vacuum cleaner over it as soon as it is laid, but it is better for it if you start off by just brushing it rather lightly. Or you can push a carpet-sweeper over it. I would say that the carpet needs this treatment for about a month.

It sometimes happens that while you are

brushing you notice a wisp of pile sticking up above its neighbours. Do not tweak this out but clip it level with a sharp pair of scissors.

RUTH DREW

We regret that the recipe for apricot jam published last week mistakenly mentioned ginger in its heading.

Notes on Contributors

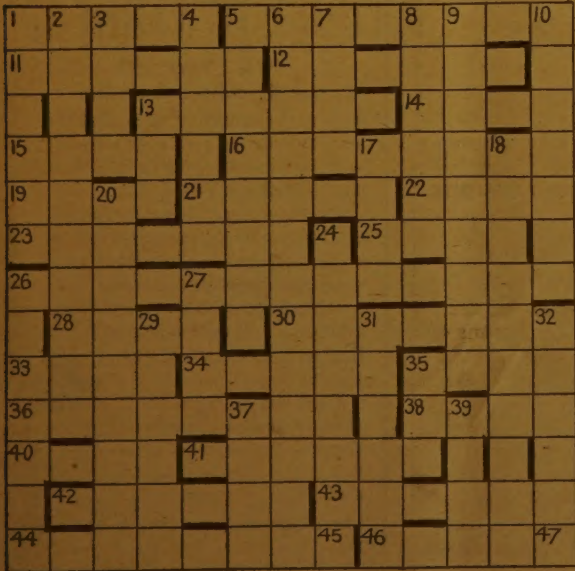
- ROBERT MCKENZIE (page 83): a Canadian who has lived for many years in England and is Reader in Sociology, London School of Economics and Political Science; author of *British Political Parties* (1955), etc.
- ALISTAIR COOKE (page 85): chief correspondent in the United States of the *Manchester Guardian*
- ISAAC DEUTSCHER (page 91): author and journalist; formerly a member of the Communist Party of Poland, who was expelled for leading an anti-Stalinist opposition in 1932; author of *Stalin, A Political Biography* 1949, *The Prophet Armed* (Trotsky), *Russia in Transition*, etc.
- GEORGE STEINER (page 95): American literary critic; author of *Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, an essay in the old criticism*
- CANON ROY MCKAY (page 100): Head of Religious Broadcasting, B.B.C., since 1955; Honorary Canon of Chichester Cathedral; Chaplain of Canford School, 1948-55

Crossword No. 1,520. Head-hunting—V. By Zander

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, July 23. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

The first letter of every light is out of place. Thus, if the answer to a clue were SLEEP, it would be entered as LSEEP, LESEP, LEESP, or LEEPS. The diagonals 5-32, 1-47, 23-45, form an appropriate Gilbertian quotation. *Chambers's Dictionary, Mid-Century Version*, is recommended, but does not give 22, which is in *Webster's*. An accent in one light should be ignored.



CLUES—ACROSS

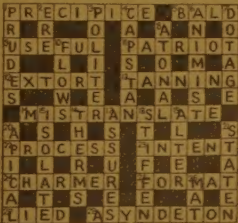
- Panic caused by dissolute rakes (5)
- All the poor men have sheepish, unmarried daughters! (8, hyphen)
- Old-fashioned calm is needed when getting on in maturity (6)
- Having two shapes, it has to lie back or move with the head only (6)
- Locked, as it were, in a Chartres synod (6)
- The couple drops a hundred in the bank (4)
- Fief merely provided nourishment, with nothing in it (4)
- Nuptial remedy entraps only a fifth of young men! (8)
- Agate once nearly swallowed by a bull (4)
- Lots of animals can be heard in this plant (5)
- House retracts a Lord's privilege of holding court (4)
- Gun used by section of imbeciles perforated plate (7)
- Defeat requires a good deal of explanation (4)
- Follower of religious philosopher uses box while Sonia's in the pub (13)
- What Germans pay in tax (4)
- Gout adds a noticeable amount of gravity to the paunch (7)
- Old stuff brought up again—some of it's puerile (4)
- Plaster of Paris makes you go round the bend! (5)
- ... but a threepenny bit gets you right back (4)
- Refuse help for hypochondria, though it's a tough thing to bear (8)
- A low soft mumble (4)
- What's this monkey bringing back? Them! (4)
- A kind of cake that only half-fills a clergyman (6)
- Disciple receives a thank-you for a composition (6)
- To induce a nap, relax in the outskirts of Tintagel (6)
- Tried to hook the poor fish, but obviously left on the shelf! (8)
- Cunning Dido, half-perished, recalled the Eclogues (5)

DOWN

- Spring as it used to be under a limitless sky in a Scottish slope (6)
- Very young native race—just grandsons, grandsons, grandsons! (10, hyphen)

- A Portuguese heavy pistol needs a round (4)
- Grease soak to obtain silence! (6)
- You've to toss about the passage—and it's scorching (8)
- Oil loses magic when spilled, going into cracks in the earth (13)
- Holiday pay, including what's due at the end of August (4)
- Rushed up to the Prince with fruit (6)
- Sending a delegation from Egypt's leader to talk a lot and greet me—a complete reverse! (9)
- An emaciated body found with some of the teeth missing—but publication was prohibited here! (7)
- Leaves only half completed, being away (3)
- There's no quiet about hydrogen rising—there's a measure of loudness, in fact! (4)
- Weeping-bouts are useful for extorting alms archly (10)
- Bar that's simply oozing with nips of claret and lemon inside (9)
- Tobacco-pipe stem, a penny—with plug included! (8)
- Confident forecast to the Parisian—something piquant here (7)
- Rushed off long ago to flog a piece of land and lie low (4)
- Having put romance into the heart of cheats, they get thrown out! (6)
- What those dear *do* become! (6)
- Japanese sea-beam gobbles pet rabbit (6)
- Circle the rupees with more than one kind of gold (3)
- You once used to prosper in the Orient (4)
- Teaching calls for the old thong, lost in antiquity (4)

Solution of No. 1,518



NOTES

Across: 1. R+PICE+PICE* 5. STAND. 9. BALEFUL. 11. PA-TRONA-L. 12. EXIST. 13. DONNING. 22. F-LOSS. 23. POINT. 24. CHA-RIOT. 25. FORMER.* 27. PROCEED. 28. (Yes and not)* and lit.

Down: 1. P-RUD-ENT (ameron). 2. RETORT. 3. LITERAL. 4. CAPES. 6. AN-I-MUS. 7. STAG-E. 8. ATE.* 10. TAWS. 15. LATEEN. 16. IS-OTHER-M. 17(a) LIAS. 18. (x) MAS-TIFF. 19. AFTER (ygota). 20. S-TATIC-AL (attic)*. 21. ENS-URES. 26. MATT.

* Anagram

1st prize: N. R. C. Knight (Esher); 2nd prize: C. L. Barham (Reading); 3rd prize: H. S. Cotterill (Manchester, 8)

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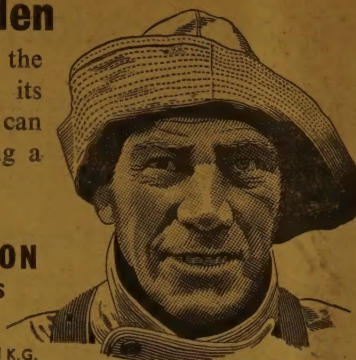
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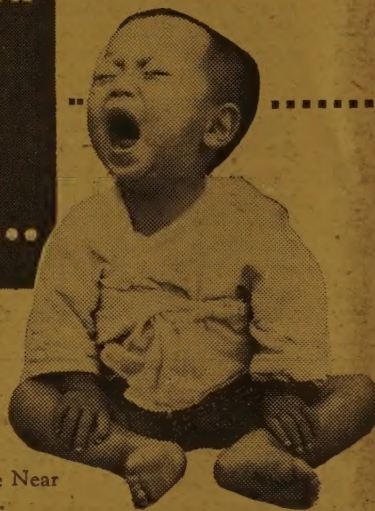
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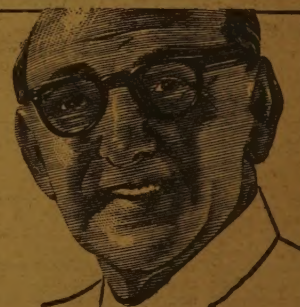
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